



EERIE
#36

NOV. 1971

68 ILLUSTRATED PAGES OF TERROR AND SUSPENSE

EERIE

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC 60¢

BAD MOON COMING...

**...LOOK WHAT'S
HAPPENING TO
THE HAND
OF KANE
KINCAID**





EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY

THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES, MAN HAS TRIED TO UNRAVEL THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNKNOWN! ONE SUCH MYSTERY--WAS THE COMPOSITION OF ALL *MATTER!*

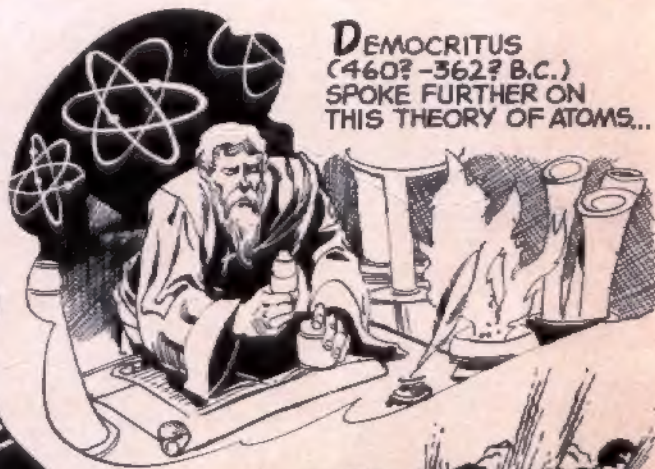
AN EARLY GREEK PHILOSOPHER CALLED HERACLITUS (530-470 B.C.) BELIEVED THAT FIRE WAS THE PRIMAL SOURCE OF MATTER! HERACLITUS WAS ALSO KNOWN AS THE DARK PHILOSOPHER OR THE WEEPING PHILOSOPHER...



ANOTHER GREEK, ANAXAGORAS (500?-428 B.C.), WAS THE FIRST TO SPEAK OF THE PARTICLES WHICH WE NOW KNOW AS *ATOMS!* THEY WERE, HE SAID, INFINITELY NUMEROUS AND INFINITESIMALLY SMALL! ACCORDING TO HIS THEORY, AN ETERNAL INTELLIGENCE--CALLED *NOUS*--FIRST PRODUCED ORDER OUT OF THIS CHAOS!



DEMOCRITUS (460?-362? B.C.) SPOKE FURTHER ON THIS THEORY OF ATOMS...



THE FIRST SCIENTIFIC THEORY OF ATOMS WAS SET FORTH BY JOHN DALTON (1766-1844), A TEACHER AND A WEAVER'S SON...



AND FROM THERE, WHO KNOWS WHAT FUTURE PROGRESS MIGHT BRING? (HEH-HEH.)

EERIE

NOV. 1971

NO. 36

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GREG POTTER, STEVE SKEATES



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DEAR COUSIN EERIE

Some of the things people say about your mag aren't fair. I have been reading them for some time now. I think EERIE is great. I just bought issue #34. The cover by Boris Vallejo was excellent. Also, the art and script of "Eye of Cyclops" was great. I hope to see more of Jaime Brocal's work. I don't think your stories are too gory. That's what makes them good. "The Sound of Wings" had the best ending of all the stories. I liked F. Paul Wilson's script. Just keep the usual good work and I'll keep on reading.

ERLE CHENNEY
Starkville, Miss.



Okay, Erle, will do.

I am a regular reader of EERIE magazine and I enjoy it very much. I look forward to each edition and can hardly wait for it to reach the newsstands.

I especially enjoyed the story "The Waking of the Hawk" by Cliff Jackson in the March issue (#32). I don't remember ever seeing a story by him in your magazine, but I think I have read some of his work in another publication. I think he is great and I hope you realize what a talent you've discovered. I would like to read more by him.

ED BROWN
New York, N.Y.



You've got an eagle eye, Ed. We intend to hang onto Cliff Jackson as he's one hawk of a writer!

Just picked up issue #34 and I would like to make some comments. The cover was neat. Boris Vallejo is one heck-of-an artist. "Monster Gallery" was interesting. So was "Parting is Such Sweet Horror". Tom Sutton does something else work. "Eye of Cyclops" was a winner. Jaime Brocal was great on the artwork. "He who Laughs Last is Grotesque" had darn good art, and a nice, if sometimes unfunny, script. "Food for Thought" was the worst story ever to be published by a Warren Magazine. The plot was lousy and the artwork was a messy jumble—in

other words . . . Trash. "Vow of the Wizard" was the best in the entire issue. Ernie Colon is great. "The Sound of Wings" had Carlos Garzon's great artwork. F. Paul Wilson's script wasn't bad either. "Lair of the Horned Man" was good. Alan Weiss did a great job. EERIE #34 was surely worth 60c.

ZACHARY TROIOU
Jessup, Pa.

I'm not an issue-by-issue fan of yours since I live in a town which your mag doesn't always reach. So I have to go out of my way to get Warren books. Nevertheless, I'm a faithful fan of yours and all your artists. In Issue #30, I read the letter Louie Puccio wrote. I just wanted to tell him if he doesn't like your mag and feels it's trash, I'll reimburse him the 60c. Some of your critics should find a trash can to sit in.

JOHNNY BARRAGAN
Fresno, Calif.

The cover of issue #33 was terrific. It's the best I've ever seen. Larry Todd's work in that issue was superb, and "Starvisions" was second only to Marv Wolfman's "Whom the Gods Would Destroy" (illustrated by Ken Barr). With the exception of Steve Skeates "243 Blank Pages", (for a profile of Steve Skeates, see Eerie Fanfare—Ed.) the rest of the mag was not the material I normally expect from a first class magazine like yours. Concerning Larry Swichard's letters, I would make the following comments (1) Murder and Science-

“Some of the things people say about your magazine aren't fair.”

fiction stories belong in your mag and should stay there. (2) Time and space travel stories also belong. (3) EERIE is our magazine and we should write every chance we get to alert Mr. Warren to what we want. After all we are the buying public. He gives us the kind of magazine we all want or we don't have to buy it. If EERIE keeps on being as good as it is, I and many others will continue to purchase it.

MARK PANOZZO
Hammond, Indiana



Excuse me, Mark. I've got a tear in my eye. Poor Uncle's wretching.

EERIE #33 was an above-average issue all around, but I wouldn't call it super. It started well with a good cover. All except two stories were representative of classic EERIE horror tradition. In my opinion "Whom the Gods Would Destroy" and "Starvisions" were the best two stories. "243 Blank Pages", "The Pest", and "The Painting in the Tower"

were all of high quality. The artwork in "A Trip in Time" was good, but the story didn't have quite the surprise ending I would have liked. I couldn't make any sense out of "Escape to Chaos" whatsoever. I have one request of future issues of EERIE. Please run more horror stories about monsters.

MIKE LAGRONE
Hodges, S.C.

EERIE and CREEPY are horror comics and should feature only horror stories.

B. J. CONAGLEN
New Plymouth, New Zealand



AWW! Not even one funny animal story?

I'll give you my honest opinion about EERIE #33. I thought it was awful. You've had your ups and downs but #33 was unforgivable. I've read EERIE since #16. This was definitely the worst issue ever. "A Trip in Time" was not only a bad story, the art was bad to match. "243 Blank Pages" was fair. "Whom the Gods Would Destroy" was awful. You keep doing science fiction. However, the art was excellent. "Escape Into Chaos" was another one of those "happen again and again" stories. Frankly, they're getting a little monotonous. Larry Todd's "Starvisions" story was acceptable but the art was stunning. Todd's cover topped the cover of EERIE 26 for color. (The cover of #26 was the joint effort of artists Gogos and Bode—Ed.) You never seem to take advantage of good art when it's at your disposal. I must admit however that I enjoyed "The Pest." I dig stories with insects and rodents such as "Gnawing Fear" in #4 and "Spiders Are Revolting" in #26. "The Painting in the Tower" was the best story in #33 and you saved it for last.

VOLKAN TEKELI
New York, N.Y.



Hope you get to see my 1972 Yearbook, Vokan, especially if you dig stories about insects and rodents. It's got a great Archie Goodwin story called "The Fly" from #7.



Ken Barr, artist on "Whom The Gods Would Destroy"—EERIE #33, sent us a card from Paris recently. He's looking well (see above—left) and writes, "This informal shot of me reflects a certain frustration. At Notre Dame, the position of bell-ringer was filled—anyway I would have failed the physical, Vampi, Eerie and L'Oncle Creepy with French sub-titles pollute the newsstands. Onward to England! Regards!" Upcoming from Ken will be a story in EERIE #37, Lynn Marron's "Horror at Hamilton House," a classic chiller penned by one of our lady writers. We wish you well, mon ami. Unfortunately, Ken lost his footing after posing for the picture (left) and was last seen hurtling down over the famous rooftops of Paris. Guess he should have been kept chained down, as he was during his formative years (see above—right), when he bore a resemblance to Quasimodo.

Well, Cuz, You finally did it. One of the best issues ever. Issue #33, that is. It surpassed Unc's latest issue. I liked Todd's cover. Let's see more of his work. What I really liked in #33 was that October Wier wasn't in it. I really don't picture EERIE as a series mag. Though I don't always like Sparling's work, I did enjoy "A Trip in Time." "243 Blank Pages" is the kind of story I try to forget. My thanks to mighty Marvin Wolfman and Ken Barr (see the card we received from Ken elsewhere on page #4 —Ed.) for "Whom the Gods Would Destroy." It had a lot to say. The ending was the most chilling ever. Colon's "Escape into Chaos" was superbly done. Especially the ending. Todd's "Starvisions" is too great for words. . . . And, to top off an already classic issue was Steve Skeates' "The Pest" illustrated by Rich Corben. Well, I guess this settles the age old question. Yes, EERIE is the GREAT-EST or is IT? Only kidding . . . it is.

JIM RUBINO
Hollywood, Fla.

Is It? You mean is he, don't you, Jim? Only UNK thinks I'm an it. I agree with you, though—my mag is tops.

When I received EERIE #33, I was overjoyed. "Monster Gallery" was superb. In literature class, I am studying the myths. I just finished a story about the Minotaur. Thanks for put-

ting him in "Monster Gallery." Issue #33 also had good stories. "Starvisions" and "The Painting in the Tower" tied for first place. "The Pest" was second and "243 Blank Pages" was third. "A Trip in Time" was fourth. "Escape into Chaos" was fifth. Last of all was "Whom the Gods Would Destroy." I really enjoy EERIE. Your stories seem to get better. The "Fan Fare" page is really groovy, and I think I'll write a story for it. The way your mags are, I can't see how Uncle Creepy can stay in business. Keep it up, Cousin EERIE!

JERRY CODDINGTON
Trotwood, Ohio

Geo, Jerry, I'm at a loss for words.

Issue #34 was about the worst issue you've ever had. The cover was about the best thing in the entire magazine. As for the stories. "Parting is Such Sweet Horror" was ok, but I didn't like the art! "Eve of Cyclops" was good except for the bloody parts. Too much blood! I like to see blood when it's well drawn—not when it

splats out all over the panel. "He Who Laughs Last is Grotesque" was sick, but the art was good. "Food for Thought", Oh, BROTHER! Both art and story were YECCHI! "Vow of the Wizard" was great and Ernie Colon's draws gore great! "The Sound of Wings" was pretty good in story but the art was SUPERB! Finally—"Lair of the Horned Man"—it wasn't so good. There was a letter in la-



A scene from "The Pest" #33.

sue #34 from Steven Epstein telling you to write a better magazine. I AGREE WITH HIM COMPLETELY.

TIM LYNCH
Wapping, Conn.



So do I, Tim.

Could you possibly add a few bright colors? Add a little more blood? You know! Show what's really happening.

DEBORAH CRAWFORD
Gary, Indiana



We thought we were. Sorry. Like Columbus said—we'll try, try again.

Yeesh! So it's back to mediocrity, is it Cuz? I saw #34 and it wasn't bad, but it wasn't good either. It was nothing. That's not like you. You're either terribly good or terribly bad. Let's stay constant, cuz.

GARY CHARWIN
Fords, N.J.



I'd just like you to know, Gary, that I may be good and I may be bad but I sure am pretty.

I like your magazine very much. I think it's really thrilling. I have no censure! There is a problem however. Although my city is the third largest in Italy after Rome and Milan, sometimes EERIE does not get here.

ALBERT POTI
Turin, Italy

THE NEXT TIME SOMEONE ASKS, "DID YOU SEE THAT GREAT STORY IN CREEPY (OR EERIE, OR VAMPIRELLA, OR FM)?"—BE SURE YOU CAN ANSWER YES. GET YOUR ISSUES MAILED TO YOU IN A STURDY, PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE. MAIL THE COUPON NOW. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE IF NOT SATISFIED.



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**Keep Cuz
Happy!**

Every morning like clockwork, including Sunday, little Cousin Eerie waits at the Thirty-Second Street mailbox for the mailman to arrive. When the mailman comes, Cousin tugs at the mailbag and jumps up and down with glee, even if the mail isn't for him. Keep our little Cousin happy. Send letters to:

**DEAR COUSIN
EERIE**

c/o Warren Publishing
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

NIGHT TURNS
THE LOUISIANA
FOREST
INTO A JUNGLE
OF TANGLED
SHADOWS...

... A GIRL, HER
EYES, DARTING
NERVOUSLY
FROM SIDE TO
SIDE, HASTILY
MAKES HER
WAY...

...THROUGH THE MARSHY
DENSENESS TO A
LOVER'S RENDEVOUS...

... AND A WOLF HOWLS!

MAYBE
PAPA WAS
RIGHT!

HE SAID
NOT TO GO OUT
TONIGHT...

...THAT
IT COULD
MEAN MY
LIFE! WHAT
IS THAT? A
WOLF?

BUT THERE AREN'T
ANY WOLVES AROUND HERE--
NOT AROUND THE SWAMP!

SO SPOOKY OUT
HERE AT NIGHT
... BUT I *MUST*
MEET JOHN!

IF ONLY
PAPA
WOULD
LET HIM
CALL ON
ME AT
HOME!

OW-OW-OW WOO W RROOOO OOOOOO!



WELCOME, SHRIEK-CREEPS, TO MY NEXT
TERROR TRIUMPH OF CROWNING COINCIDENCE
AND INFINITE IRONY! SO, WITHOUT FURTHER
ADO, LET'S TAKE A LITTLE MIDNIGHT
JOURNEY DOWN GREEN RIVER INTO
BAYOU COUNTRY WHERE THERE'S A...

BAD MOON ON THE RISE!

A BLOODIED AND MUTILATED BODY IS FOUND ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE MARSH THE NEXT MORNING, AND BROUGHT TO THE MUNICIPAL PHYSICAN...

I FOUND HER JUST BEFORE DAWN-- L-LIKE THAT... ALL MANGLED AND TWISTED... ONE OF HER ARMS IS STILL MIS-

YES, I CAN SEE THAT! BUT WHAT COULD HAVE DONE IT? IN THAT SWAMP, ANY COTTONMOUTH MIGHT HAVE BITTEN HER-- BUT NO SNAKE EVER DID THAT TO A PERSON!



IF YA ASK ME, IT'S THE WORK OF A RABID WOLF-- 'CEPTIN' THERE AIN'T NO WOLVES HERE 'BOUTS!

AND IT'D TAKE A PRETTY BIG WOLF TO--



QUIET, YOU FOOL! HERE COMES HER FATHER!

ARTHRITIC-CRIPPLED LEGS SLOWLY HOBBLE TO THE SHEET-COVERED FORM! THE SHEET IS LIFTED BY A TREMBLING, GNARLED HAND! THE GRISLY SIGHT IS REVEALED TO A GRIEF-STRICKEN FATHER AND ONLY TWO WORDS GRIMLY HISS THROUGH WIZENED LIPS...

LOUP GAROU!



A YOUNG MAN AWAKENS LATE IN THE MORNING, AND WITH EFFORT REMEMBERS HE IS KAIN KINCAID!



SLEPT SO LATE-- BUT I'M STILL TIRED... AND THAT DREAM...

I HAD IT AGAIN... SO STRANGE... AWFUL!

AN OVERWHELMING SENSE OF DRUGGED NUMBNESS ENGULFS HIM! HE RISES, HIS MIND FILLED WITH VAGUE UNCERTAINTY...



I WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET ANNA LAST NIGHT ON THE BAYOU... BUT I DON'T REMEMBER GOING -- WAIT!! MY PANTS-- MUDDY! DID I GO OUT AFTER ALL?



MY GOD! BLOODY! BUT I'M NOT CUT!

OH, LORD, CAN THE DREAMS BE REAL? NO! NO!

A REPORT IS FILED WITH THE NEAREST STATE POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

YES, THAT'S RIGHT--**HORRIBLY** DISFIGURED... YES, I THINK MURDER IS A POSSIBILITY... YOU WILL?... THANK YOU... YES, GOOD-BYE!

KANE KINCAID I SWEAR I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN AGES!

WHERE YOU BEEN KEEPIN' YOURSELF?

OH, I'VE BEEN REAL **BUSY**... BUT I'VE NEVER FORGOTTEN YOU, SUSIE!

WHY DON'T WE GET TOGETHER AGAIN SOON?

TONIGHT?

THE HINT OF A BLUSH TINTS SUSIE QUENTIN'S FACE...

WELL...! I GUESS IF THAT'S WHAT **YOU** CALL ASKING FOR A DATE, KANE KINCAID...

GOOD! CAN YOU MEET ME BY THE BRIDGE ON GREEN RIVER AT TEN TONIGHT?



I SUPPOSE SO... BUT WHY OUT ON THE BAYOU?

UH... LET'S SAY IT'S MORE **ROMANTIC**! SEE YOU TONIGHT, THEN?

WHY DID I INSIST ON MEETING SUSIE AT GREEN RIVER?

IT'S ALMOST AS IF I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF!

NIGHT FALLS... A FULL MOON RISES... AND INTO THE SLEEPY LOUISIANA TOWN...



THE CAR DOOR IS OPENED, AND A CRISPLY ATTIRED MAN EMERGES! STAIRS ARE MOUNTED, AND A DOOR IS KNOCKED UPON...



DR. WINSLOW? I'M LAWRENCE TYLER FROM THE STATE'S DETECTIVE OFFICE, HOMICIDE DIVISION! YOU PHONED IN A REPORT OF A POSSIBLE MURDER!

YES... YES, I DID! I SUPPOSE YOU WANT TO SEE THE BODY!



HMM... ABSOLUTELY GHASTLY! IT **ALMOST** LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF AN ANIMAL -- BUT I'D STILL GO ALONG WITH YOUR OPINION OF MURDER!

HOMICIDAL MANIACS HAVE DONE WORSE IN THE PAST!...

ANY SURVIVING RELATIVES?

ONLY HER FATHER... GOT AN OLD SHACK ON THE EDGE OF TOWN...

THE PLACE IS A SHAMBLES-- I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T BE ACCORDED MUCH HOSPITALITY THERE!

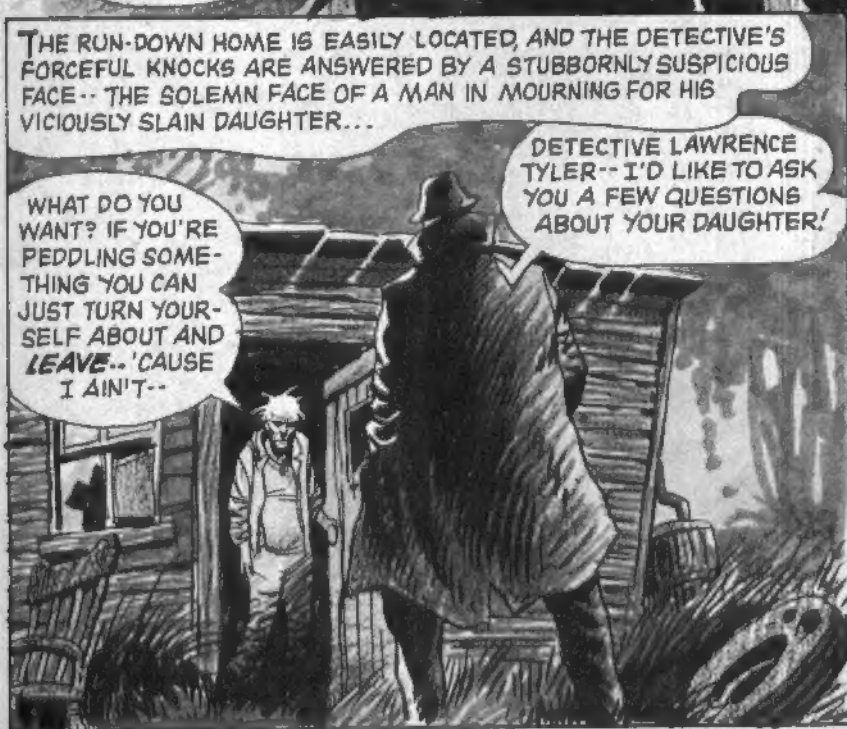
THE RUN-DOWN HOME IS EASILY LOCATED, AND THE DETECTIVE'S FORCEFUL KNOCKS ARE ANSWERED BY A STUBBORNLY SUSPICIOUS FACE-- THE SOLEMN FACE OF A MAN IN MOURNING FOR HIS VICIOUSLY SLAIN DAUGHTER...

WHAT DO YOU WANT? IF YOU'RE PEDDLING SOMETHING YOU CAN JUST TURN YOURSELF ABOUT AND **LEAVE**.. 'CAUSE I AIN'T--

DETECTIVE LAWRENCE TYLER-- I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER!

SHE'S DEAD!

I KNOW! THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO ASK YOU ABOUT! DO YOU HAVE ANY REASON TO BELIEVE SHE MIGHT HAVE ANY ENEMIES?



NO. NO, ENEMIES!
EVERYONE LIKED HER!

BUT ANNA
WAS KILLED
JUST THE
SAME!

I DIDN'T REALLY
EXPECT HER TO
HAVE ANY ENEMIES
-- THE CONDITION OF
HER BODY INDICATES
A SENSELESS,
INSANE ATTACK--
NOT A CALCULATED
ACT OF REVENGE!

IT WAS
MURDER ALL
RIGHT! BUT I
DIDN'T SAY IT
WASN'T AN
ANIMAL!

IT WAS AN
ANIMAL -- BUT AN
ANIMAL THAT IS
ALSO A MAN!

ELSEWHERE IN THE TOWN, A
VIOLENTLY TROUBLED KANE KINCAID
IS DESPERATELY ENGAGED IN A
STRUGGLE TO RETAIN HIS VERY
IDENTITY...

CAN'T LET IT
HAPPEN AGAIN!

I MUST
KEEP MYSELF
FROM MEETING
SUSAN QUENTIN
TONIGHT... MUST
STAY AWAY FROM
GREEN RIVER...
MUST FIGHT THE
IMPULSE...

BUT WHAT MAKES
YOU SO SURE SHE WAS
MURDERED? YOU SEEM
CERTAIN A WILD ANIMAL
WASN'T RESPONSIBLE...

THE MOON... SO FULL, BRIGHT...
GLISTENING... BECKONING TO ME...
URGING ME TO REVEL IN THE THRILL
OF BEING WILD-- FREE!...

BUT...
I MUST...
FIGHT IT...

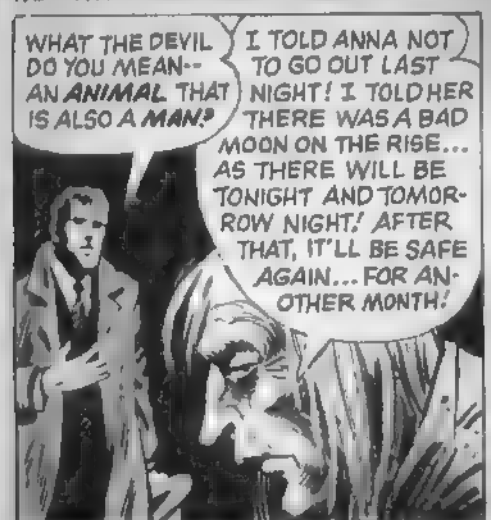
DETERMINATION CRUMBLES UNDER THE SEEMINGLY SORCEROUS INFLUENCE OF THE
FULL MOON! PULSE RATE QUICKENS AS BLOOD SURGES WILDLY THROUGH DISTENDED
VEINS! BRISTLING HAIR SPROUTS... AND A FREEDOM-HAMPERING COLLAR IS
RIPPED TO SHREDS IN AN INCREDIBLE ORGASM OF UNBRIDLED FURY...

AND A DESTINATION IS SET--GREEN
RIVER... AND SUSIE QUENTIN...

...FIGHT IT... FIGHT
IT... MUST NOT... GO
TO GREEN RIVER...

...MUSTN'T LET
IT HAPPEN... BUT--
WHY NOT? WHY NOT
GLORY IN IT?... THRILL
TO A FEELING FEW
MEN HAVE EVER
EXPERIENCED!

AND ELSEWHERE, ANXIOUS QUESTIONS ARE MET WITH PUZZLING AMBIGUITY...



AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF KANE KINCAID, SUSIE FALLS UNDER THE ENCHANTMENT OF THE SUMMER NIGHT...



A BEAUTIFUL IMAGE IS CAPTURED UPON THE REFLECTIVE SURFACE, AN IMAGE TO BE NARCISSISTICALLY ADMIRER...



THEN ANOTHER VISAGE-- HEART- STOPPING IN ITS CONSUMMATE GROTESQUENESS-- SUDDENLY APPEARS BESIDE HER...



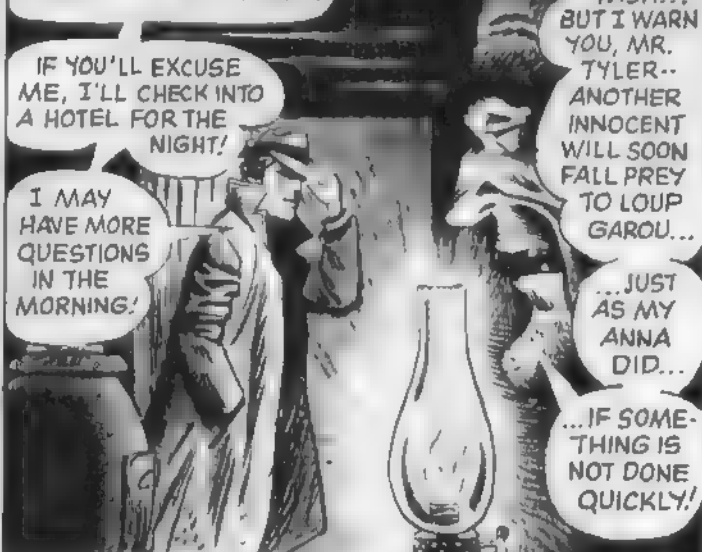
AND SUSIE QUENTIN FALLS HELPLESSLY TO SLASHING CLAWS AND RAVAGING FANGS... THE BESTIAL LEGACY OF THE FULL MOON...



MEANWHILE, APPARENT SUPERSTITION IS MET WITH SCORN, INDIGNATION...



ENOUGH ABOUT WERE-WOLVES AND BAD MOONS!

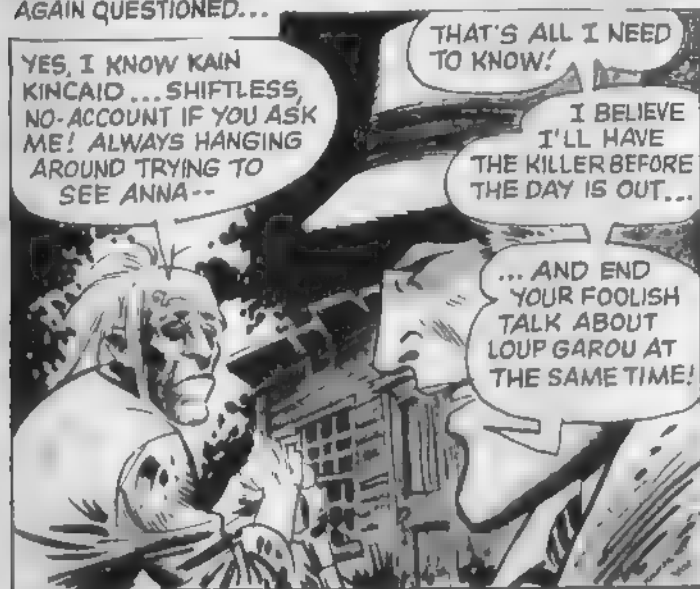


BUT THE OMINOUS WARNING IS DELIVERED... TOO LATE!





HAVING DISCOVERED A NEW CLUE, THE OLD MAN IS ONCE AGAIN QUESTIONED...



AT KAIN KINCAID'S MODEST HOME, THE DETECTIVE'S IMPATIENT KNOCK BRING NO RESPONSE! THE DOOR IS FORCED OPEN TO REVEAL...



KINCAID'S PLACE OF EMPLOYMENT IS APPROACHED...



KINCAID'S ACQUAINTANCES ARE QUERIED WITH SIMILAR RESULTS...



THE REMAINDER IS DEVOTED TO THE SEEMINGLY FUTILE PURSUIT...

NO, HAVEN'T SEEN 'IM LATELY! WHY, WHAT'S HE DONE?

COME TO THINK OF IT, I HAVEN'T SEEN MUCH OF KAIN FOR A WHILE!

KINCAID'S BEEN PRETTY MUCH OF A STRANGER TO ME LATELY! 'FRAID I CAN'T BE OF MUCH HELP, MISTER!

...UNTIL...

HEY, MISTER-- I HEARD YOU BEEN LOOKIN' FOR KAIN KINCAID ' I JUST SEEN 'IM DOWN BY THE RIVER!

THAT'S THE BREAK I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! LET'S GET DOWN THERE-- WHAT'S THAT?

OOW-WOOO
...SOUNDS LIKE A WOLF!



TYLER'S DEFT FINGERS MOVE QUICKLY TO HIS SHOULDER HOLSTER... HIS REVOLVER FLASHES IN THE MOON-LIGHT...

I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IT...

...STILL, BULLETS CAN STOP ANYTHING THAT LIVES!

... AND SCREAMING LEAD EXPLODES FROM THE GUN'S MUZZLE...



I'M SURE I HIT IT AT LEAST TWICE!

...BUT IT'S STILL STANDING!



COME ON! IT'S FLEEING IN-
TO THE UNDERBRUSH!

WE'LL NEVER GET
IT IF WE DON'T
KEEP CLOSE!



HUDDLED IN CONCEALMENT, THE BESTIAL CREATURE IS
FRAUGHT WITH CONFUSION AS THE HEAVENLY BODY
WHICH CONTROLS HIS TRANSFORMATION IS *ITSELF*
ALTERED...



...UNTIL THE MOON IS ENTIRELY BLOTTED OUT BY A
LUNAR ECLIPSE...

WH-WHAT AM I
DOING OUT HERE?
OH, LORD, NO!

IT MUST
HAVE HAPPENED
AGAIN!

GOD HELP
ME IF I'VE
KILLED SOME-
ONE ELSE!

THIS
TIME I
MUST
TURN
MYSELF
INTO THE
AUTHOR-
ITIES...
GET SOME
HELP!

THIS
CAN'T GO
ON FOR-
EVER!



THERE IT IS--
LOUP GAROU,
WOLFMAN--
OR THE DEVIL
HIMSELF!
I'LL GET IT
THIS TIME!

HUH? NO
WAIT!...
YOU DON'T
UNDERSTA--

POW!

UGH...HHH...



FULL OR NONE AT ALL... EITHER ONE HAS PROVED TO
BE A **BAD MOON** ON THE RISE FOR KAIN KINCAID...

GOOD LORD... **CHOKE!**... THIS ISN'T THE THING WE SAW!
I'VE KILLED AN **INNOCENT MAN!** BUT, BY GOD, I WON'T
STOP SEARCHING UNTIL I'VE AVENGED HIS DEATH AND
THE DEATH OF THOSE TWO GIRLS BY SLAYING THAT
WOLF-MAN CREATURES-- EVEN IF IT TAKES **FOREVER!**



HMMM... NOW **THAT** MAKES FOR AN INTERESTING SITUATION! OBVIOUSLY, TYLER
WASN'T USING **SILVER BULLETS**... BUT THEN KINCAID WAS IN **HUMAN FORM** WHEN
HE WAS SHOT... SO HE IS **REALLY DEAD!** YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE, KIDDIES
... BUT I FOR ONE WOULDN'T WANT TO BE OUT PUTTING FLOWERS ON HIS GRAVE THE
NEXT **FULL MOON!**



PROLOGUE:



**NOK!
NOK!**

NOW
WHO COULD
THAT BE AT
THIS
HOUR?

IT'S
JOHN!
I KNOW IT
IS!

I THINK IT'D
BE BEST IF I
HID
SOMEWHERE!

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR IS NOT ALWAYS THE KNOCK OF OPPORTUNITY. MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, IT CAN MEAN THE SCHOOL OF **HARD KNOCKS**.

HE'S **INSANELY JEALOUS!**
NO TELLING WHAT HE'D DO
IF HE FOUND ME HERE!

I'VE BEEN TRYING
TO GIVE HIM THE BRUSH
FOR MONTHS!
BUT STILL ...



OKAY,
COMING!...
COMING!



JOHN
SUTHERLAND!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?

YOU KNOW
WHY I'M HERE,
RAY!



YOU'VE BEEN SEEING
JOYCE BEHIND MY
BACK, HAVEN'T YOU? I
JUST WANNA MAKE
ONE THING CLE...

NOW,
WAIT A
MINUTE,
JOHN! YOU
DON'T OWN
JOYCE!
NOBODY
DOES!

SHE'S A
GROWN
WOMAN! SHE
HAS A RIGHT TO
SEE WHOEVER
SHE WANTS!

THE KNOCKING CONTINUES, NOT UNLIKE AN INSANE METRONOME TICKING AWAY THE SECONDS LEFT FOR THE YOUNG COUPLE.



THEN, YOU HAVE
BEEN SEEING HER!
THAT'S ALL I
WANTED TO
KNOW!

WHA-?
WHAT'RE
YOU
GONNA...



BLAM!

UNNH!



the SILENCE and the SLEEP

IMPETUOUS YOUNG MAN, WASN'T HE? THEY SAY ARTIST TYPES ARE... POSSESSIVE AND HIGH STRUNG. JOHN SUTHERLAND IS SUCH A MAN, A PIANIST WHO IS PLAYING THE LAST AND DARKEST CHORDS OF HIS OWN CONCERTO...OF LIFE... THE NOTES RISING SOFTLY OUT OF...

HOURS HAVE PASSED. A NEIGHBOUR WHO OVERHEARD THE SHOT HAS FINALLY GOTTEN AROUND TO REPORTING IT...

HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR **SOME TIME!** ONLY **ONE** SHOT, BUT IT PROVED **FATAL!** HE WASN'T EVEN A FOOT AWAY WHEN HE WAS HIT!

RALPH!
GET OVER
HERE-- **QUICK!**



WHAT'S GO...
WHAT??

MISS, WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING
IN THAT
CLOSET?

I DON'T
THINK SHE CAN
HEAR YOU, RALPH!
SHE SEEMS TO BE IN
COMPLETE SHOCK!

DAYS LATER, THE YOUNG GIRL, STILL MOTIONLESS, STILL STARING BLANKLY FORWARD, IS MOVED TO A MENTAL HOME, HER CONSCIOUS LIFE AT AN END...



THE SPIRIT OF A YOUNG GIRL, FLOATING AIMLESSLY THROUGH A DREAM-LIKE VOID...

... MEETING ANOTHER SPIRIT... THE SPIRIT OF A MAN NOW DEAD...

JOYCE!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? DID HE KILL YOU, TOO?

NO...

HER VOICE LIKE THAT OF A WAIF, ALMOST INAUDIBLE...

THE TWO GROW SILENT AS SOME UN-SEEN FORCE TAKES HOLD OF THEM, DIRECTING THEM FORWARD LIKE PIECES OF CLOUD...

AND, ELSEWHERE...APPLAUSE DROWNS OUT THE LAST ECHOES OF A CONCERTO JOHN SUTHERLAND HAS COMPLETED...



THANK GOD THEY LIKED IT!

I MADE A LOT OF MISTAKES! BUT LUCKILY THEY DON'T SEEM TO HAVE CAUGHT THEM!



JUST CAN'T SEEM TO KEEP MY MIND ON THE MUSIC! KEEP THINKING ABOUT JOYCE AND RAY... AND ABOUT WHAT I DID TO THEM!

I MUST'VE BEEN OUT OF MY MIND! I THOUGHT I COULD WIN JOYCE, AND INSTEAD I'VE LOST HER FOR GOOD AND I'VE TAKEN ANOTHER MAN'S LIFE!



BUT I MUST QUIT DWELLING ON THIS THING! THE DOCTORS SAY JOYCE WILL NEVER GET WELL, SO SHE CAN'T TELL THE POLICE I DID IT! IN FACT, THEY THINK SHE DID IT!

I MUST STOP THINKING ABOUT IT! I CANNOT LET THIS RUIN MY CAREER!

BUT, THAT NIGHT ALONE IN HIS BED
JOHN SUTHERLAND'S FITFUL SCREAMS
ALL BUT DROWN OUT THE MEMORY
OF THE APPLAUSE...

NO! NO!

WHAT
DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE
DOING?



WHO ARE
YOU?? WHAT IS
THIS ALL
ABOUT??

WE'RE MEMBERS
OF THE POLICE
INTERROGATION
GROUP! WE WANT
TO ASK YOU A FEW
QUESTIONS...

DID YOU
KNOW RAY
JAMESON?

RAY JAMESON?
NEVER HEARD OF
HIM!

...AND WE
KNOW THAT YOU
KILLED HIM!

YOU MIGHT
AS WELL CONFESS
TO THE WHOLE
THING!

COME OFF
IT, SUTHERLAND!
WE KNOW YOU WENT TO
JAMESON'S APARTMENT
THAT NIGHT...

LET
GO OF
ME!

YOU
CAN'T DO
THIS TO
ME!

NO! NO!
YOU CAN'T
PIN THIS
ON ME!






A GUILT-
INSPIRED DREAM...
NOTHING MORE...
BUT A DREAM
THAT IS ABOUT
TO CHANGE, NOW
THAT TWO NEW
PLAYERS ENTER...




COME!
IT'S TIME TO
GO!

JOYCE!
RAY! BUT I
THOUGHT
YOU
WERE--

WH-WHERE
ARE YOU TAKING
ME!?



THE CONCERT,
JOHN! YOU DON'T
WANT TO BE LATE
FOR YOUR
CONCERT!



AND BACK IN
THE REAL WORLD,
IN HIS APARTMENT,
JOHN IS WALKING
IN HIS SLEEP,
COMPELLED
FORWARD BY
SOME UNSEEN
FORCE...



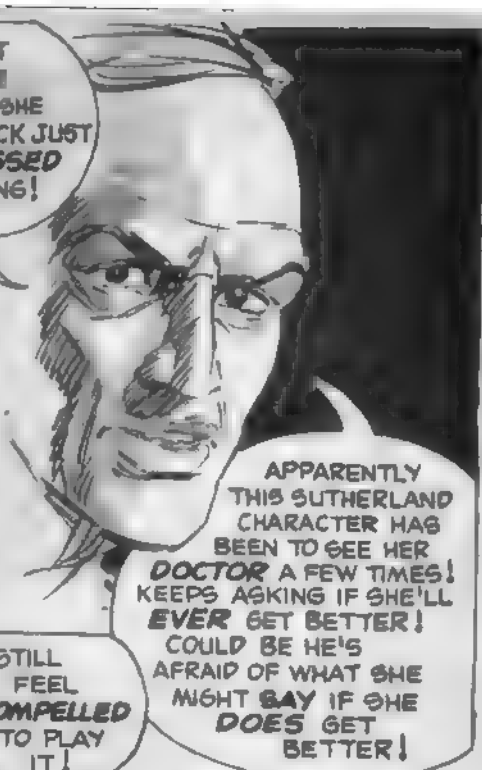
MEANTIME...



WE'VE GOT
A NEW LEAD ON
THE JAMESON CASE!
GUY NAMED JOHN
SUTHERLAND--
HE'S A WELL-KNOWN
PIANIST WHO USED TO
GO OUT WITH THE
GIRL! SUPPOSEDLY HE'S
THE JEALOUS
TYPE...

WE DON'T
KNOW ~~SHE~~
KILLED HIM! SHE
MAY BE IN SHOCK JUST
HAVING WITNESSED
THE SHOOTING!

BUT I
THOUGHT THAT
CASE WAS CLOSED!
I THOUGHT THE
GIRL DID IT!



APPARENTLY
THIS SUTHERLAND
CHARACTER HAS
BEEN TO SEE HER
DOCTOR A FEW TIMES!
KEEPS ASKING IF SHE'LL
EVER GET BETTER!
COULD BE HE'S
AFRAID OF WHAT SHE
MIGHT SAY IF SHE
DOES GET
BETTER!

LET'S GO!
EVEN IF IT IS THE
MIDDLE OF THE
NIGHT, I HAVE
SOME QUESTIONS
TO ASK
SUTHERLAND!

THIS
MAY BE THE
BEST TIME
TO DO IT
WHILE HE'S
GROGGY!

THIS MUSIC DOESN'T
MAKE ANY SENSE! NO
MELODY! NO CHORDS!
JUST A LOT OF
RANDOM NOTES!

STILL
I FEEL
COMPELLED
TO PLAY
IT!



NOK!
NOK!

HUNH??
WHAT'S
THAT??

WHA-?
IT WAS A
DREAM!

BUT WHAT
AM I DOING AT
MY DESK??

UNNH...
I'M
TIRED...



NOK!
NOK!

ALL
RIGHT! I'M
COMING!

MR. SUTHERLAND,
WE'D LIKE TO ASK
YOU A FEW
QUESTIONS!

THE COPS!
NEVER THOUGHT THEY'D
COME THIS CLOSE!

I MUST KEEP
COMPOSED--NOT LET
THEM UPSET ME,
TRIP ME UP...





I UNDERSTAND
YOU USED TO
DATE A GIRL
NAME JOYCE
WINDERS. IS
THAT RIGHT?

YES...
BUT-BUT
WHY DO
YOU WANT
TO KNOW?

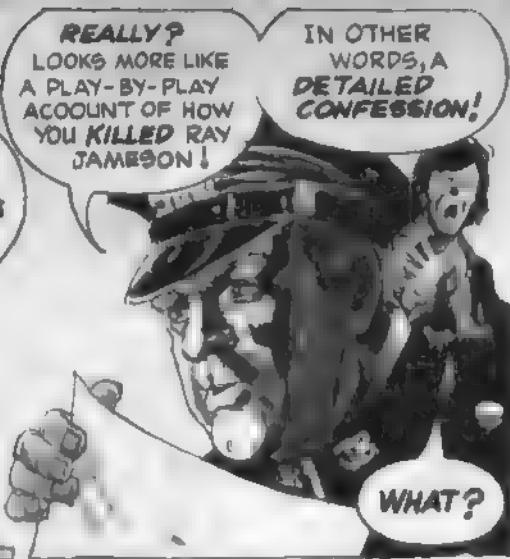
JUST
WONDERING
THAT'S
ALL!



HEY!
WHAT'S
THIS??

HUNH?

OH,
THAT! MUST
BE ONE OF THE
MUSIC REVIEWS
I'VE BEEN
WORKING ON!



REALLY?
LOOKS MORE LIKE
A PLAY-BY-PLAY
ACCOUNT OF HOW
YOU KILLED RAY
JAMESON!

IN OTHER
WORDS, A
DETAILED
CONFESSION!

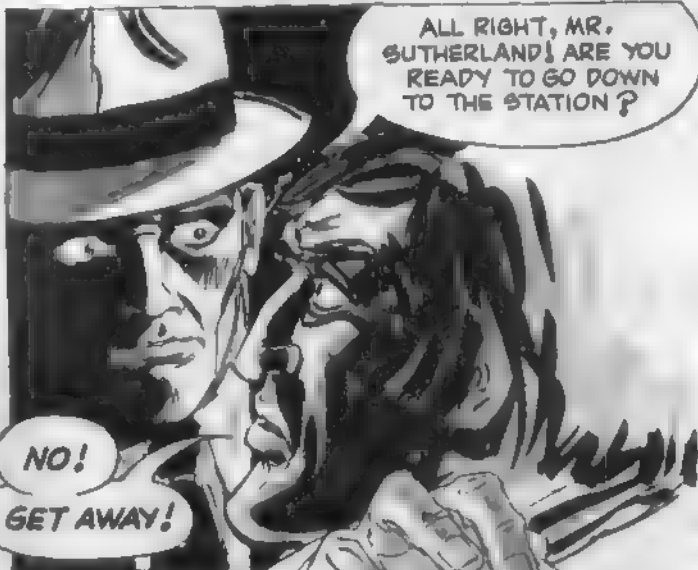
WHAT?



GOOD
GOD! THAT
MUSIC!

WHEN I
PLAYED THE
PIANO IN THE
DREAM, WAS
I ALSO
TYPING??

DID THEY--



ALL RIGHT, MR.
SUTHERLAND! ARE YOU
READY TO GO DOWN
TO THE STATION?

NO!

GET AWAY!

AND MILES AWAY, AT THIS SAME
MOMENT, A FORMERLY MOTIONLESS
MENTAL PATIENT, FOR SOME
UNKNOWN REASON, BEGINS TO
LAUGH UNCONTROLLABLY...




LET GO
OF ME!

YOU CAN'T
DO THIS TO
ME!

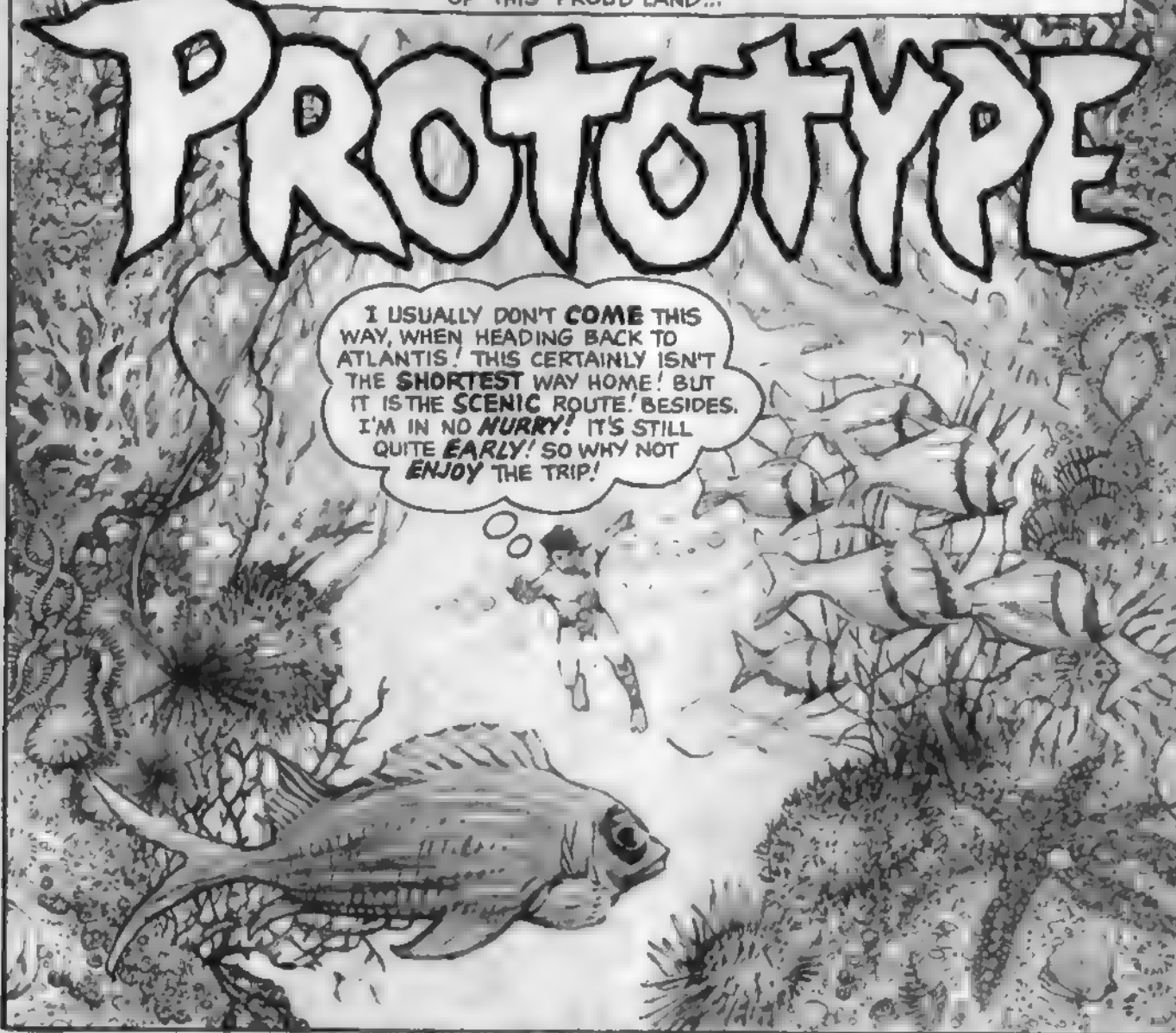


THERE GOES
ONE LONGHAIR
WHOSE LAST
CONCERTO WILL BE
DECOMPOSED BY
THE TIME HE GETS
THE HANG OF IT!
YOU MIGHT SAY HIS
INSPIRATION WAS
FROM OUT OF
THIS WORLD!




IT STILL EXISTS. THERE, ON THE OCEAN FLOOR THE CONTINENT OF ATLANTIS.. AND UPON THIS CONTINENT, THERE STANDS THE HUGE, GLEAMING PALACE OF THE KINGDOM OF MANAI. YOU KNOW WELL THAT THIS KINGDOM EXISTS...FOR YOU ARE PRINCE TARGO, THE SON OF THE MIGHTY KING OF THIS PROUD LAND...


PROTOTYPE




I USUALLY DON'T **COME** THIS WAY, WHEN HEADING BACK TO ATLANTIS! THIS CERTAINLY ISN'T THE **SHORTEST** WAY HOME! BUT IT IS THE **SCENIC ROUTE**! BESIDES, I'M IN NO **HURRY**! IT'S STILL QUITE **EARLY**! SO WHY NOT **ENJOY** THE TRIP!



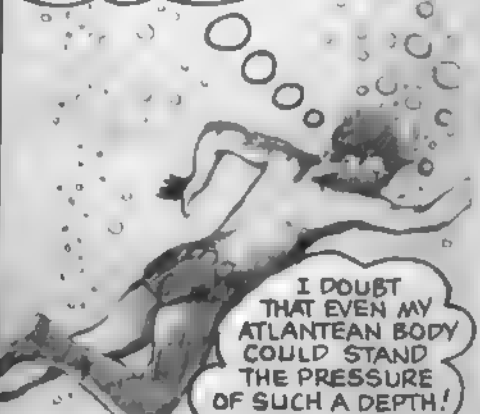
DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN **THIS** VALLEY BEFORE!



SURE IS A **LONG** WAY DOWN! MUST BE ONE OF THE **DEEPEST** VALLEYS ON THE OCEAN FLOOR!



THOSE **ROCKS** DOWN THERE! ALL IN A **STRAIGHT LINE**! LOOKS ALMOST LIKE A **MAN MADE** PATHWAY! BUT IT **COULDN'T** BE! NOT AT SUCH AN EXTREME DEPTH!



SURE WOULD LIKE TO **GO DOWN** FOR A **CLOSER** INVESTIGATION! BUT IT'S WAY TOO FAR DOWN!

I DOUBT THAT EVEN MY ATLANTEAN BODY COULD STAND THE PRESSURE OF SUCH A DEPTH!

BESIDES, IT'S PROBABLY
JUST... **HEY!** WHAT'S
THAT ?? SOUNDS
LIKE...



YES! IT IS AN EARTH-
QUAKE! THE WHOLE
OCEAN FLOOR IS SHAK-
ING! JUST AS MY **HOME**
LAND HAS RECENTLY
SUFFERED SUDDEN UP-
HEAVALS! I'D BETTER
SCOOT, BEFORE...

BUT THEN
YOU HEAR IT...
THE RUMBLE
FROM **ABOVE**
...AND AS YOU
LOOK UP, YOU
SEE THE ROCKS
TUMBLING
DOWN TOWARD
YOU...

AVALANCHE!



MADE IT!
GOT AWAY
FROM THE
ROCKS!

YOU SWIM SWIFTLY... DOWN AND AWAY...
TRYING TO AVOID THE ROCKS...



BUT...SWAM
TOO DEEP,
TOO FAST!
CAN'T ADJUST...

STARTING TO
BLACK OUT...

THEN YOU
TUMBLE DOWN...
DEEPER...
DEEPER...



LOOK! OUR EARTHQUAKES HAVE FINALLY BROUGHT US SOMEONE! A DWELLER OF THE HIGHER SEAS!

BAH! HE IS OBVIOUSLY JUST A YOUNGSTER! IF WE COULD ENTER SHALLOW WATERS...IF ONLY OUR BODIES COULD STAND THE PRESSURE WE COULD CAPTURE A FULLY GROWN ONE!

BUT WAIT! IT IS TRUE THAT HE IS YOUNG! BUT HE IS ALSO **MUSCULAR**, HAS A FULLY **DEVELOPED** BODY!

AND HE LIVES! ENTERING OUR WATERS DID NOT **KILL** HIM! THAT MUST MEAN THAT HE IS TRULY STRONG!

COME! WE MUST TAKE HIM TO THE GREAT POSSESSOR OF KNOWLEDGE! HE WILL KNOW IF THIS BEING SHALL SERVE OUR PURPOSES OR NOT!

I MUST EXAMINE HIM COMPLETELY! BUT FIRST I MUST GIVE HIM A DRUG, SO HE DOES NOT AWAKEN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EXAMINATION! A BEING AS STRONG AS HE IS COULD EASILY ESCAPE FROM HERE! AND THEN, ALL WOULD BE **LOST!**

AH, YES! HE IS A PERFECT FIGHTING MACHINE! OUR PEOPLE POSSESS THE HEARTS OF WARRIORS, BUT NOT THE BODIES! THESE DWELLERS OF THE HIGHER SEAS POSSESS **BOTH!**

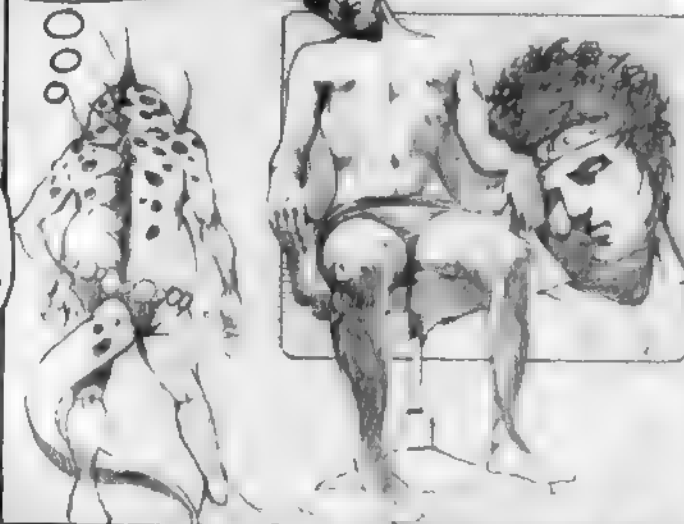
MANY HOURS LATER...



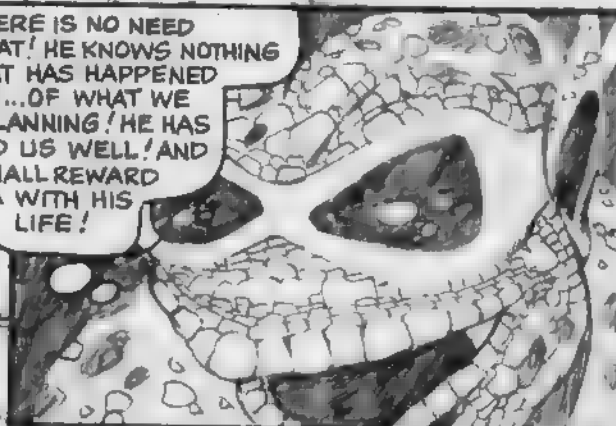
YOU MAY CARRY HIM OVER TO THE COMPUTER! THE EXAMINATION IS COMPLETED! NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS IS TO DUPLICATE HIS BRAIN!

THERE! I AM FINISHED WITH HIM!

I SOMETIMES WISH THE BRAIN WERE NOT SUCH A COMPLEX ORGAN! I DO NOT LIKE TO DEPEND ON COMPUTERS! I WOULD LIKE TO BUILD THE BRAIN MYSELF!



NO THERE IS NO NEED FOR THAT! HE KNOWS NOTHING OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HIM...OF WHAT WE ARE PLANNING! HE HAS SERVED US WELL! AND WE SHALL REWARD HIM WITH HIS LIFE!



WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH HIM NOW? SHOULD HE BE KILLED?

AND SHORTLY...



WE HAD BETTER HURRY! THE DRUG WILL BE WEARING OFF SOON!

YES! BUT LET'S NOT BE IN SUCH A HURRY THAT WE GET RECKLESS! WE CERTAINLY DON'T WANT TO BE CAUGHT BY THE SUCTION OURSELVES! IF WE WERE CARRIED TO HIGHER WATERS, WE WOULD PERISH!



YOUR EARS POP...NEARLY
EXPLODE...YOU BLINK
YOUR EYES TO CLEAR
AWAY THE HAZE...

...AND YOU FIND YOURSELF
FLOATING UP A LONG, DARK SHAFT..

WH-WHERE
AM I? WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

I REMEMBER SWIMMING
DOWN TOWARD THAT
VALLEY! THEN, I
PASSED OUT...
STARTED FALLING!

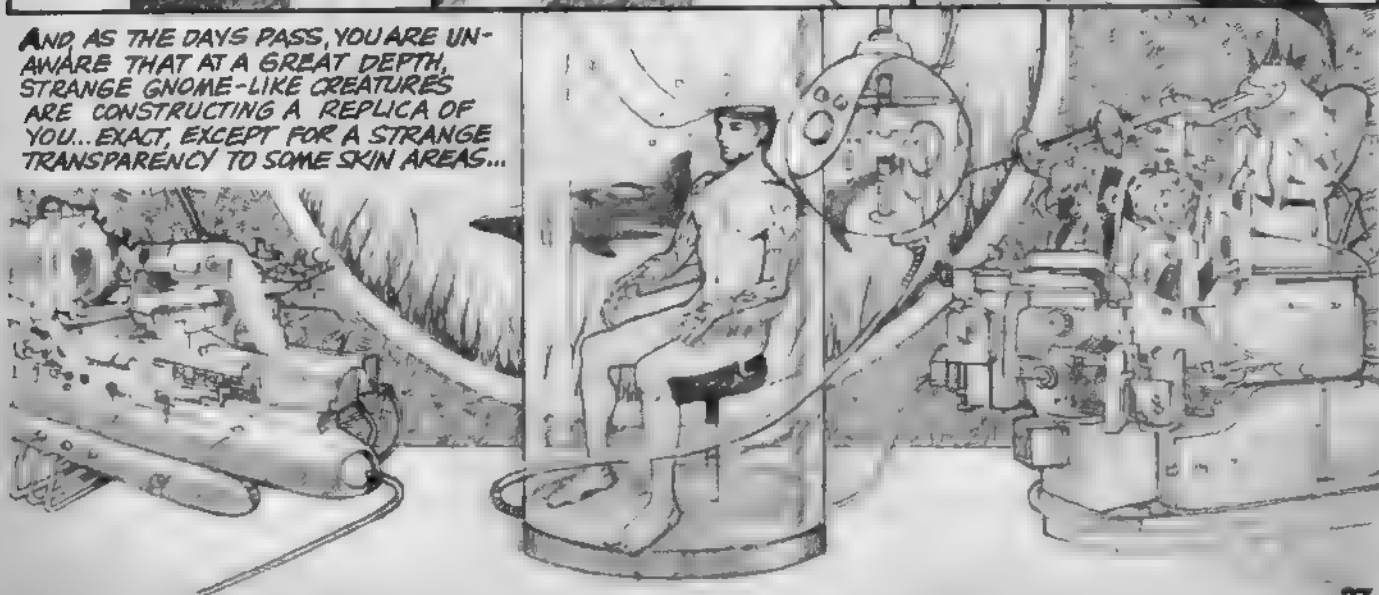
NOW I'M
JUST ABOUT
BACK WHERE
I STARTED!


I GUESS I MUST HAVE FLOATED
UNCONSCIOUS, UNTIL I GOT
SUCKED INTO THAT SHAFT AND
PULLED BACK UP HERE! IF I STAY-
ED DOWN IN THAT VALLEY I
PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN
CRUSHED! THE PRESSURE MUST
BE FIERCE DOWN THERE!

HEY! THE SEAS
ARE GETTING DARK!
I MUST HAVE
BEEN UNCONSCIOUS
FOR QUITE A LONG
TIME! BETTER
GET MOVING!

AND SO YOU SWIM ON...

AND AS THE DAYS PASS, YOU ARE UN-
AWARE THAT AT A GREAT DEPTH,
STRANGE GNOME-LIKE CREATURES
ARE CONSTRUCTING A REPLICA OF
YOU... EXACT, EXCEPT FOR A STRANGE
TRANSPARENCY TO SOME SKIN AREAS...





THE COMPUTER, HOWEVER, HAS
ALREADY WEEDED OUT ALL
VESTAGES OF FREE WILL! AND
REPLACED THEM WITH A UNIT OF
OBEYANCE!

THERE! NOW....
ALL THAT REMAINS IS THE
INSERTION OF THE DUPLI-
CATE BRAIN! THE BRAIN
WILL BE LEFT PRIMARILY
AS IT IS! WE WOULD NOT
WISH TO DISTURB THE
FIGHTING INSTINCTS!

IT IS DONE! YOU
CAN SCREW THE
TOP OF THE HEAD
ON! A PERFECT
WEAPON OF CON-
QUEST! WE SHALL
PUT IT TO USE ON
THE NIGHT OF THE
MORROW!

AND, THAT NEXT DAY, THE GNOME-LIKE
CREATURES OF A NEAR-BY VILLAGE ARE
ATTACKED BY THOSE WHO POSSESS THE
ANDROID TARGO... THOSE WHO HUNGER
FOR MORE POWER, MORE LAND...



WHILE, IN ATLANTIS, THE
DREAMS BEGIN...



WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO ME?

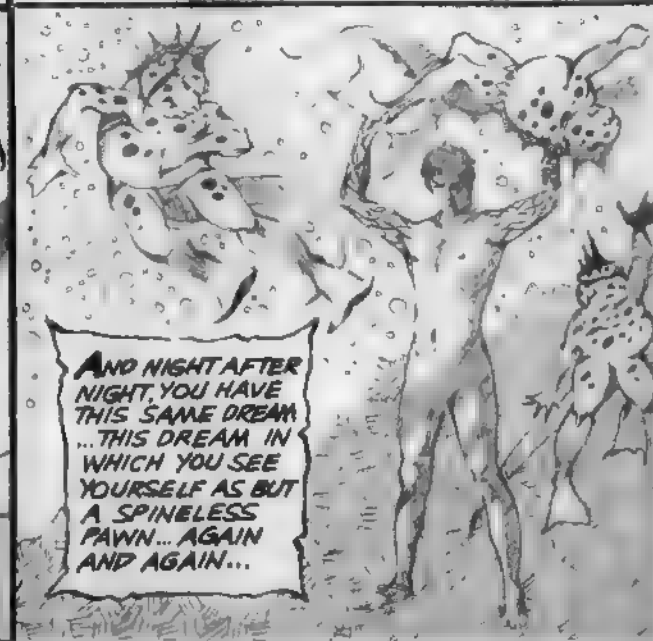
THE ATTACKING GNOMES FIND NO RESISTANCE FROM THEIR UNSUSPECTING FOES AS THEY CRASH RECKLESSLY INTO THE CITY HALL...



DON'T WANT TO ATTACK THESE CREATURES! THEY'RE **NO MATCH** FOR ME! BUT I'VE GOT TO DO WHAT THESE OTHER CREATURES TELL ME! DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY **FREE WILL!** HAVE TO OBEY!



AND WHEN YOU AWAKE THAT MORNING, YOU ARE SHAKING... SWEATING... EXHAUSTED...



AND NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, YOU HAVE THIS SAME DREAM... THIS DREAM IN WHICH YOU SEE YOURSELF AS BUT A SPINELESS PAWN... AGAIN AND AGAIN...

THEN, ONE DAY, AS YOU AND YOUR FATHER, THE KING, ARE CALLED INTO ACTION, NOT FAR FROM THE BORDER OF THE KINGDOM OF MANAI...

YOU **HEARD** HIM, SON! THIS WARRIOR THINKS HE CAN **DEFEAT** US. HE CAN GO ON TO **ATTACK** OUR KINGDOM, **CONQUER** OUR LAND! BUT HE SHALL NOT GET PAST US!

THIS FIGHT ISN'T GOING TO BE AS **EASY** AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN! THOSE **DREAMS** HAVE TAKEN A LOT OUT OF ME! I'M REALLY BEAT! BUT STILL, I'M...

KLUMP!

CRACK!!

UNNHH!

EXHAUSTION... MADE ME **CARELESS!** SHOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN **TAKEN** LIKE THAT!

BUT GOTTA STAY **WITH IT!** CAN'T LET **FATHER** DOWN!

NO! THE DREAM! COMING BACK! STARTING AGAIN!

THEN, AS YOU RUSH BACK INTO BATTLE ... **GROGGY...** PAIN SPLITTING YOUR HEAD...



**TARGO
HOLD OFF!**

**TAKE IT
EASY!**

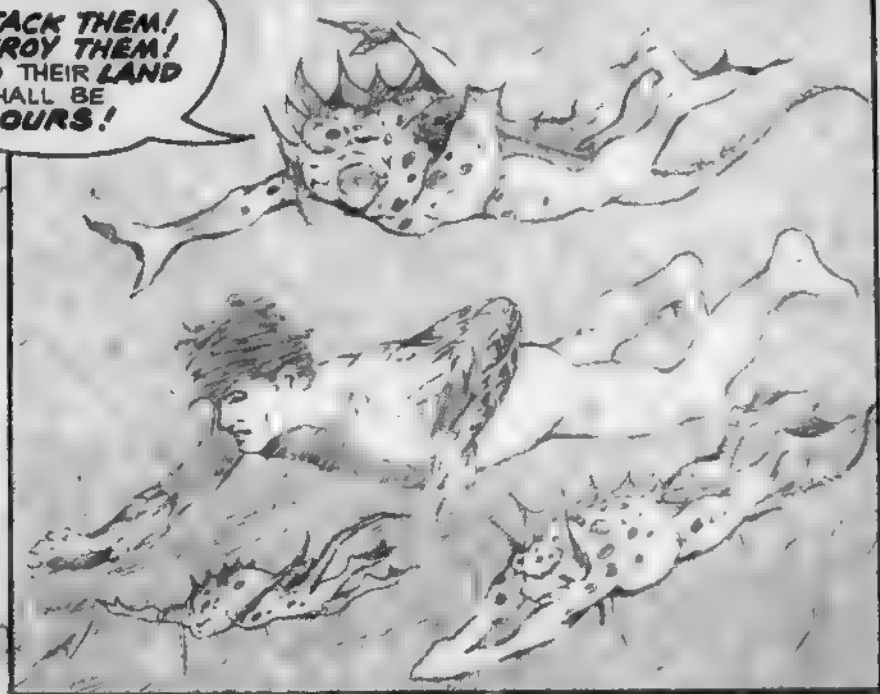
THEY'RE **DEFEATED!**
THERE'S NO REASON TO
DRIVE THEM INTO THE
**OCEAN
FLOOR!**

HUH?
OH, SORRY, FATHER!
DON'T KNOW
WHAT **CAME
OVER ME!**

HMPH! THAT'S A LIE! IT
WAS THE DREAM!
THAT'S WHAT CAME
OVER ME! WHY
DO I KEEP
HAVING THAT
**CRAZY
DREAM?**

**AND THAT NIGHT,
IT COMES AGAIN...**

**ATTACK THEM!
DESTROY THEM!
...AND THEIR LAND
SHALL BE
OURS!**



THIS RAY CANNON WAS DESIGNED
TO WORK AGAINST PEOPLE LIKE **OUR-
SELVES**! BUT PERHAPS, ON FULL
INTENSITY, IT WILL ALSO DESTROY
THAT HUGE ONE!



BRRRAZZZZT!

AND AT THAT
MOMENT IN
TARGO'S OWN
BEDROOM...



AA-A-G-G-H!

IT IS OVER NOW. THE DREAMS WILL
NOT COME AGAIN.. AND YOU REMAIN
UNWARE OF THE REALITY THAT LAY
BEHIND THESE VISIONS...



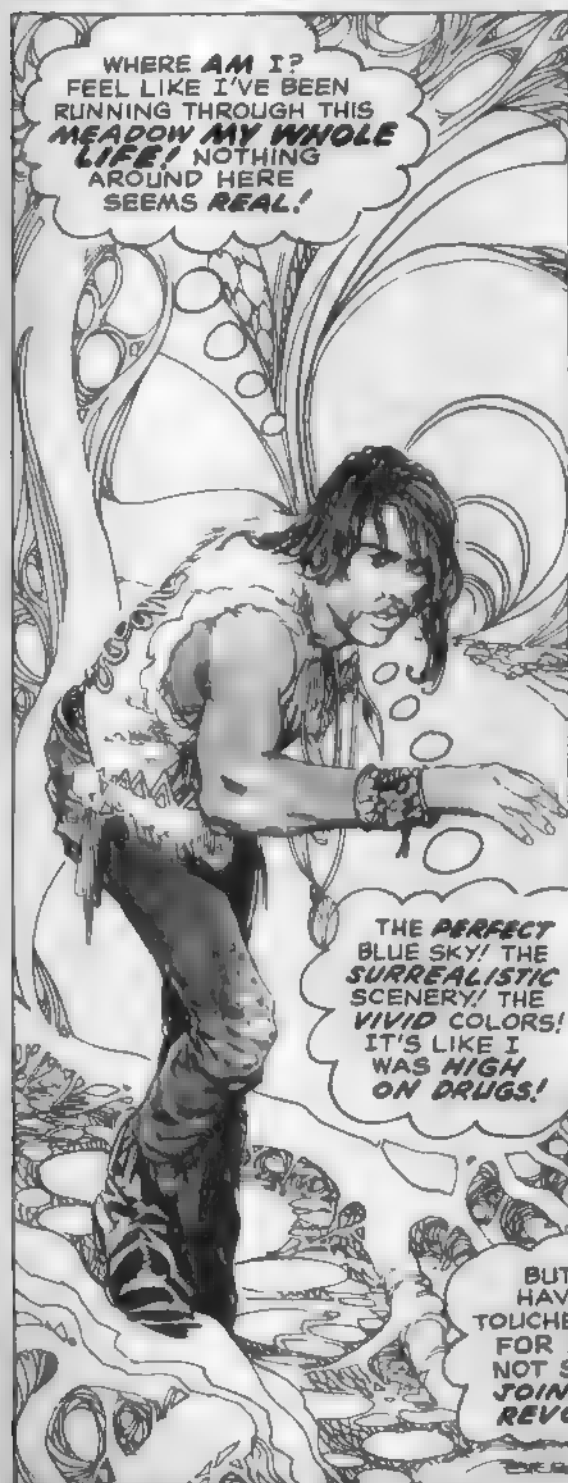
WHILE FAR FROM
WHERE YOU SIT, A
"CONQUERING RACE"
IS NOW DRIVEN
BACK TO ITS OWN
LAND..

THE END..?



TIRE^D OF MUNDANE, MERRY MONSTERS? THE SAME OLD SITUATIONS AND STORIES, THE SAME ALL-TOO FAMILIAR CHARACTERS AND ACTION? THEN *THIS* TALE MAY BE A STARTLING CHANGE OF PACE... PERHAPS *TOO* STARTLING...! JUST LOOK...

LOOK WHAT THEY'VE DONE!



WHERE AM I?
FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN
RUNNING THROUGH THIS
**MEADOW MY WHOLE
LIFE!** NOTHING
AROUND HERE
SEEMS **REAL!**

THE **PERFECT**
BLUE SKY! THE
SURREALISTIC
SCENERY! THE
VIVID COLORS!
IT'S LIKE I
WAS **HIGH**
ON **DRUGS!**

BUT I
HAVEN'T
TOUCHED DRUGS
FOR YEARS--
NOT SINCE I
JOINED THE
REVOLUTION!

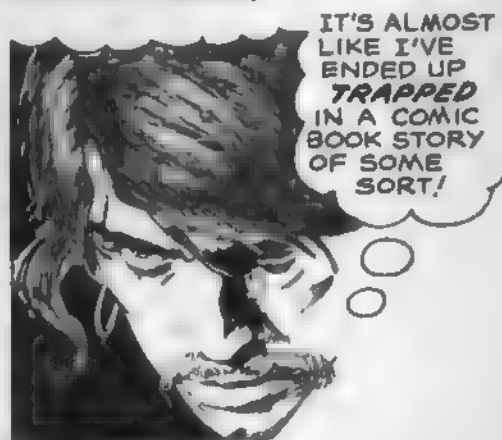


JUST THEN...

WHA?
THAT
LOOKS
LIKE A
**FLYING
SAUCER!**

... OR
RATHER,
THE FLYING
SAUCERS YOU
SEE IN **COMIC
BOOKS!**

COMIC BOOK! THAT'S IT! THAT'S
WHAT ALL THE STUFF AROUND HERE
LOOKS LIKE! THE STUFF YOU SEE
IN **COMIC BOOKS!**



IT'S ALMOST
LIKE I'VE
ENDED UP
TRAPPED
IN A COMIC
BOOK STORY
OF SOME
SORT!

THE CHILLING WHIRR
AND THE SIGHT OF A
FLYING SAUCER HAVE
ALERTED THE YOUNG
REVOLUTIONARY
THAT TROUBLE AND A
SUPREME CHALLENGE
LIE NOT FAR AWAY...

A
CAPTION!
AND IT'S
ABOUT ME!
... I
GUESS.

THAT **CLINCHES**
IT! THIS IS A
COMIC STORY!

BUT
STILL, THIS
DOESN'T MAKE
SENSE!...

HOW COULD I
WIND UP IN A
COMIC STORY!?
HOW COULD
ANYONE WIND
UP IN A
COMIC
STORY?!

IT'S JUST PLAIN
CRAZY! LIKE A
POORLY WRITTEN
HORROR STORY!
I DON'T
BELIEVE--

HEY!
THERE'S
THE
READER!

HEY, YOU PIMPLY-FACED IDIOT!
YOU'VE GOTTA **HELP ME!** WHERE
AM I? HOW DID IT **GET HERE?**
WHAT AM I
DOING
HERE?

HOW DID
YOU GET
HERE? THAT'S
EASY TO ANSWER!
YOU WERE CREATED.
YOU ARE ONE OF
MY COMIC
CHARACTERS.

WHAT??

NO! THAT
CAN'T BE! I'M
A REAL
PERSON!

NO, YOU ARE SIMPLY
BASED ON VARIOUS REAL
REVOLUTIONARIES. WE
DECIDED THAT THE
READERS WERE GETTING
A LITTLE TIRED OF THE
NORMAL SUPER-PURE
COMIC BOOK HEROES. SO
WE DECIDED TO MAKE A
REVOLUTIONARY
THE HERO OF THIS
STORY! THINK BACK--
YOU HAVE NO
MEMORIES! YOUR LIFE
STARTED WHEN THIS
STORY STARTED--
ONE PAGE AGO!

BUT...

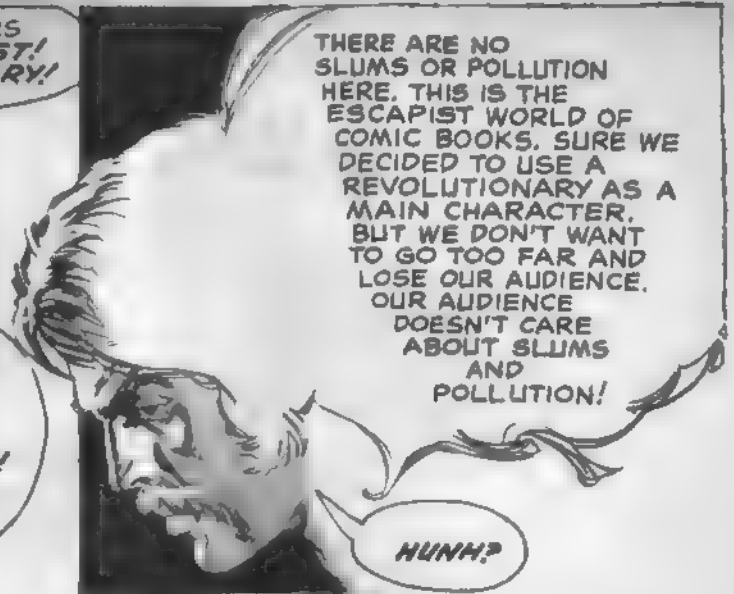
THAT'S
ENOUGH
ARGUMENT! LET'S
GET ON WITH THE
STORY! IT'S YOUR
JOB TO BATTLE
THE BUG-EYED
MONSTERS THAT
GET OFF THAT
FLYING SAUCER
YOU SAW... STOP
THEM FROM
ATTACKING
THE
EARTH...

WHAT???



BUG-EYED MONSTERS
DON'T REALLY *EXIST!*
THEY'RE *IMAGINARY!*

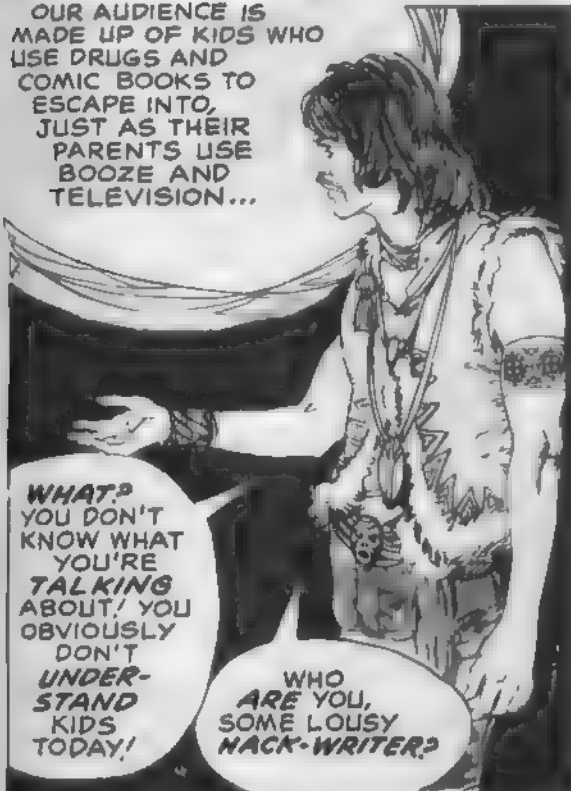
I'M A
REAL
REVOLUTIONARY!
I WANT TO
FIGHT *REAL*
THINGS!
OPPRESSION!
POVERTY! SLUMS!
POLLUTION!
NOT *IMAGINARY*
MONSTERS!



THERE ARE NO
SLUMS OR POLLUTION
HERE. THIS IS THE
ESCAPIST WORLD OF
COMIC BOOKS. SURE WE
DECIDED TO USE A
REVOLUTIONARY AS A
MAIN CHARACTER,
BUT WE DON'T WANT
TO GO TOO FAR AND
LOSE OUR AUDIENCE.
OUR AUDIENCE
DOESN'T CARE
ABOUT SLUMS
AND
POLLUTION!

HUNH?

OUR AUDIENCE IS
MADE UP OF KIDS WHO
USE DRUGS AND
COMIC BOOKS TO
ESCAPE INTO,
JUST AS THEIR
PARENTS USE
BOOZE AND
TELEVISION...

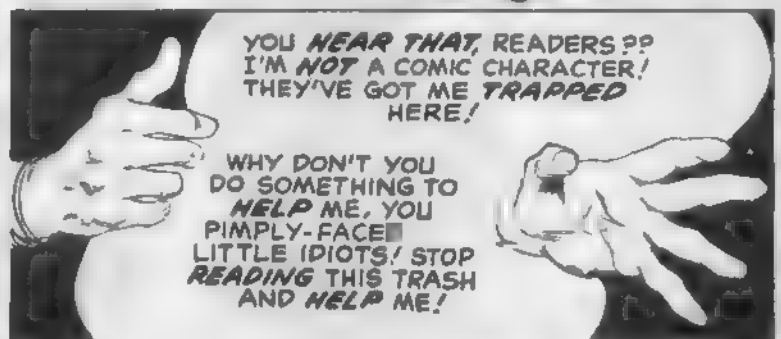


YOU SURE
AREN'T
INTERESTED
IN SOCIAL
RELEVANCE,
LIKE OTHER
WRITERS
I'VE SEEN!

YOU HEAR
THAT? I
REMEMBER
READING
BOOKS! I *DO*
HAVE MEMORIES!
THAT *PROVES*
I'M NOT A
LOUSY COMIC
BOOK
CHARACTER!

WHAT?
YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE
TALKING
ABOUT! YOU
OBVIOUSLY
DON'T
UNDER-
STAND
KIDS
TODAY!

WHO
ARE YOU,
SOME LOUSY
NACK-WRITER?



YOU HEAR *THAT*, READERS??
I'M *NOT* A COMIC CHARACTER!
THEY'VE GOT ME *TRAPPED*
HERE!

WHY DON'T YOU
DO SOMETHING TO
HELP ME, YOU
PIMPLY-FACE
LITTLE IDIOTS! STOP
READING THIS TRASH
AND *HELP* ME!

WILL YOU SHUT UP
FOR A MINUTE SO WE
CAN GET THIS STORY
MOVING. I'VE GOT ANOTHER
EXPLANATORY CAPTION TO
DELIVER... AHM... THE YOUNG
REBEL COULD HEAR THE
MONSTERS APPROACHING,
BUT HE STOOD HIS
GROUND, READY FOR
A FIGHT...

GOOD GOD!
ISN'T
ANYONE
GOING TO
HELP ME?

BUT THEN SUDDENLY, THE YOUNG GIRL HE LOVES, WHO KNOWS THE MONSTERS ARE COMING, RUNS TO HIM...

DALE!

MYRA!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

DO THEY HAVE YOU TRAPPED TOO?

DALE, I KNOW YOU HAVE TO GO NOW AND FACE THE HORRIBLE BUG-EYED MONSTERS! YOU COULD NEVER RESPECT YOURSELF IF YOU DIDN'T GO!

BUT, BEFORE YOU GO, I WANT YOU TO KNOW ONE THING-- I'LL LOVE YOU FOREVER!

WHAT? YOU'RE NOT MYRA! WHO ARE YOU?

TEMPORARY THING? WE COULDN'T HAVE A GIRL SAY SOMETHING LIKE THAT. NOT IN A COMIC BOOK. THE COMICS CODE WOULDN'T LIKE IT.

OH YEAH? WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING ELSE THE COMICS CODE WON'T LIKE!

HEY, WRITER! WHO IS THIS PLASTIC LADY YOU'RE TRYING TO PASS OFF AS MYRA?

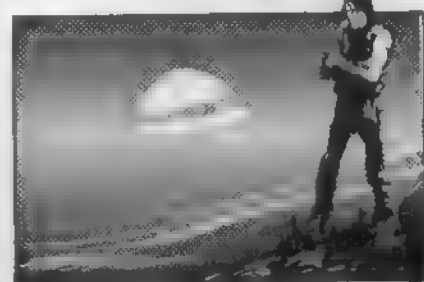
MYRA WOULD NEVER SAY SHE'LL LOVE ME FOREVER! JUST LIKE ME, MYRA KNOWS THAT LOVE IS JUST A TEMPORARY THING!


YES, AND NOW THAT YOU'VE CALMED DOWN LET'S GET ON WITH THE STORY. THE GIRL IS GONE NOW, AND THE YOUNG REBEL CAN HEAR THE MONSTERS COMING CLOSER AND CLOSER... HE KNOWS IT WON'T BE MUCH LONGER NOW...

HEY? WHAT HAPPENED TO MY SWEARING? IT CAME OUT LIKE EXCLAMATION MARKS AND PERCENTAGE SIGNS!

OH, I GET IT! SOMEBODY SCRAMBLED IT UP! THAT'S HOW SWEARING ALWAYS ENDS UP IN COMIC BOOKS, ISN'T IT?

!%*#&!!
!%*#&!!
!%*#&!!
!%*#&!!
!%*#&!!
!%*#&!!
!%*#&!!
!%*#&!!





THEN, HE
SEES IT... THE HUGE
AND UGLY FEARSOME
BEAST. HE REALIZES
THAT THIS MUST BE THE
COMMANDER, THAT THERE
MUST BE OTHERS BEHIND
HIM. AND HE KNOWS
THAT IF HE DOESN'T
DESTROY THIS
BEAST, THEY WILL
GO ON TO ATTACK
THE ENTIRE
WORLD...

AND SO, HE... HEY! DON'T
JUST **STAND THERE!**
DO SOMETHING!

OH NO!
IF THIS
STUPID-
LOOKING
THING
WANTS TO
DESTROY
YOUR
COMIC
BOOK
WORLD, **LET**
HIM! I'M
NOT GOING
TO STOP
HIM!

**YOU'D BETTER STOP HIM...
OR HE'LL KILL YOU!**

SOP
LET HIM KILL
ME! MANY TIMES
BEFORE, I'VE
PUT MY LIFE
ON THE LINE
BECAUSE OF
WHAT I
BELIEVE!

BUT BEFORE
I GO, I'VE GOT
SOMETHING
I WANT TO
SAY!

READERS,
LISTEN
TO ME!
DON'T
LISTEN
TO THIS
MISERABLE
HACK!
LISTEN TO
ME!

GET **AWAY** FROM HERE! STOP
READING THIS **JUNK!** STOP
TRYING TO ESCAPE INTO
THIS **SLOP!** AND
GO OUT INTO THE
WORLD AND **DO**
SOMETHING!

THIS
JUNK ISN'T
WORTHWHILE!
THERE'S NOTHING
REAL IN THIS
STORY...EXCEPT
ME!



I'VE **PROVED** I'M **REAL!** AND
NOT JUST A CREATION OF
THIS **HACK!**



I **REMEMBER**
READING CERTAIN
BOOKS! AND I **KNEW**
MYRA! SHE WAS A
GIRL I **KNEW** WHEN I
WAS BACK IN **YOUR**
WORLD!

MAYBE THE **OTHER** STORIES IN
THIS BOOK ARE **GOOD!** BUT
THIS ONE'S **WORTHLESS!**
TEAR IT OUT!
RIP IT UP!
BURN IT!

THEN, GO OUT
AND TRY TO
CHANGE THE WORLD
...BEFORE IT'S **TOO**
LATE! BEFORE CREEPS
LIKE THIS **HACK**
DESTROY THE WORLD!
HE **OBVIOUSLY** IS A
MEMBER OF THE
LOUSY **ESTABLISHMENT**
WE **MUST ALL**
FIGHT **AGAINST!**
WE--



SHUT-UP! I REFUSE TO
LET YOU USE THIS STORY
AS A PLATFORM FOR
YOUR **FILTHY**
REVOLUTIONARY **IDEAS!**

YEAHP HOW'RE
YOU **GONNA**
STOP ME!?

AND THE **ALIEN CREATURE**
CONTINUES ON, INTENT
ON **ATTACKING** THE
WHOLE **WORLD...**



GNNNG!



**THE
END**



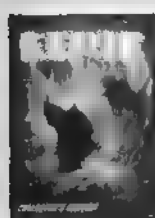
HERE'S WHERE WE GRAB YOU BY THE

EERIE
EERIE

BACK
ISSUES!

SERIOUSLY, GANG...THESE BOOKS WILL BECOME AS
VALUABLE AS HADES IN MONTHS TO COME!

SO MAIL IN THAT COUPON AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE **NOW!**



#2



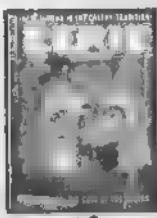
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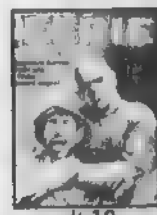
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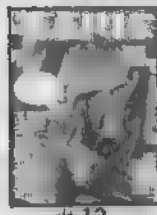
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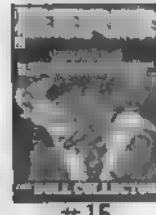
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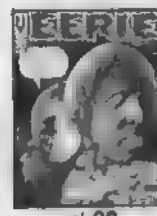
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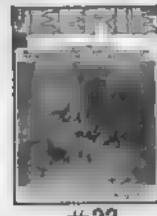
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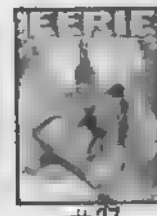
1970 YEARBOOK



#25



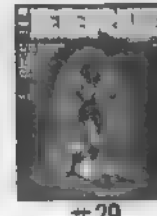
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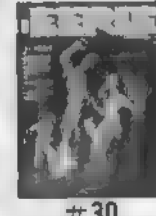
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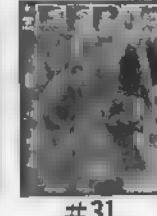
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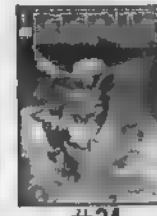
#31



#32



#33



#34



#35



1972 YEARBOOK

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IN
AUGUST
1971

#36

AVAILABLE
IN
OCTOBER
1971

#37

AVAILABLE
IN
NOVEMBER
1971

#38

AVAILABLE
IN
JANUARY
1972

#39

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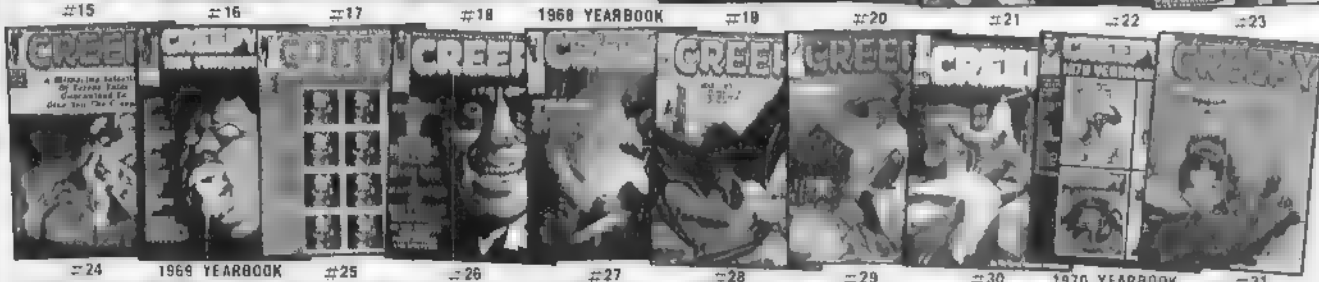
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BE SURE TO SEND FOR THESE BACK ISSUES OF **UNCLE CREEPY'S**
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OK, ALL
YOU **BRAZIL**
NUTS! YES,
THAT'S WHERE WE'RE
GOING FOR THIS
SNAPP STORY!
YOU'LL REALLY SHED
CROCODILE TEARS
OVER THIS **SCALY**
TALE I CALL
SIMPLY...

CROCODILE

THE CROCODILE, THE LARGEST OF ALL LIVING REPTILES, LAYS CONTENTEDLY IN JUNGLE WATERS ONE OF THE OLDEST REPTILES, IT HAS SURVIVED VIRTUALLY UNCHANGED SINCE THE DAYS OF THE **DINOSAUR!** THE CREATURE GROWLS IN LOW TONES... UNAWARE OF THE STALKING PRESENCE OF **MAN!**



SILENTLY,
NOW! HE MUST
NOT SEE
US!

YES! WE
WOULD NOT WANT
TO BE A MEAL
FOR THOSE
JAWS!

GAHHHA!

SHHHH...
QUIET! AND
BE READY
WITH THOSE
AXES!

NOW!
TOGETHER!

RORRRRRR!
SKRUNCH!

IT IS OVER...THE BODY,
COVERED WITH BONY PLATES,
NO LONGER MOVES! IT IS
HOISTED UPON STRONG
SHOULDERS AND...



AH...WE HAVE
ANOTHER ONE! THAT
MAKES TEN FOR
TODAY! STRANGE HOW
FOREIGNERS WILL PAY
GOOD MONEY FOR
LUGGAGE AND PURSES
MADE FROM THE
SKINS OF
ALLIGATORS AND
CROCODILES!

OF COURSE, SUCH
GOINGS-ON ARE ILLEGAL IN
MANY PLACES! BUT THAT
WON'T STOP US! **THIS**
ANIMAL, HOWEVER, MUST BE
DELIVERED TO PROFESSOR
KRACALIK! HE BUYS ONE OUT
OF EVERY TEN THAT WE
KILL! LET'S GET ON
WITH IT!

AT THAT MOMENT, IN AN ALMOST
INACCESSIBLE AREA OF THE
SWAMPLAND...

JUST WHAT
IS IT THAT
YOU'RE TRYING
TO PROVE,
WITH THESE
EXPERIMENTS
PROFESSOR
KRACALIK?

ACTUALLY,
JOSE, THAT
DOESN'T
CONCERN YOU!
BUT...

... SINCE I HAVE
BEEN EXPERIMENTING
WITH **YOUR**
COUNTRYMEN, MAYBE
I SHOULD INFORM YOU
OF THE NATURE OF MY
WORK. LONG HAVE I
BELIEVED THAT
THERE IS...

... AN
EVOLUTIONARY LINK
BETWEEN MAMMALS AND
REPTILES! WITH THIS **SERUM**
WHICH I'VE ISOLATED FROM THE
BLOOD AND GLANDULAR
SECRETIONS OF **ALLIGATORS**
AND **CROCODILES**-LIVING
FOSSILS IN THEIR OWN
RIGHT-I HOPE TO
ARTIFICIALLY **PRODUCE**
SUCH A **MISSING**
LINK!

SO FAR,
I'VE BEEN A FAILURE!
BUT I **KNOW** I'M
ON THE RIGHT
TRACK! PERHAPS
YOUR UNCONSCIOUS
FRIEND HERE
WILL PROVE ME
SUCCESSFUL THIS
TIME!

I FEEL LIKE A
JUDAS FOR
ACCEPTING THE
MONEY... FOR
HELPING YOU DO
THESE TERRIBLE
THINGS!



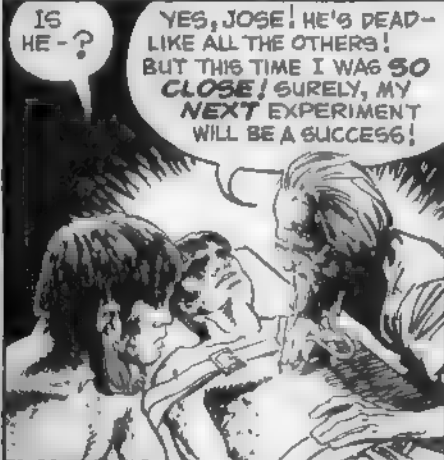


AH, BUT YOU WILL CONTINUE TO HELP ME, FRIEND JOSE! NOW WATCH VERY CLOSELY! LOOK THERE! YES! I WAS RIGHT! HIS HAND, JOSE! HIS HAND!



HIS HAND HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO THAT OF A REPTILE! LOOK, JOSE! ISN'T IT MAGNIFICENT! ISN'T IT...

THE CONVULSIVE MOVEMENT STOPS AS ABRUPTLY AS IT BEGAN ... AND THE SCALY, GREEN ARM FALLS LIMP AGAINST THE OPERATING TABLE! INFURIATED, PROFESSOR KRACALIK RUSHES FOR HIS STETHOSCOPE...



IS HE - ?

YES, JOSE! HE'S DEAD-LIKE ALL THE OTHERS! BUT THIS TIME I WAS SO CLOSE! SURELY, MY NEXT EXPERIMENT WILL BE A SUCCESS!

THEN...AN INTERRUPTION! KRACALIK HEARS HUMAN VOICES... GETTING CLOSER!

OH, NO! OF ALL TIMES FOR THEM TO BE MAKING A DELIVERY! JOSE! QUICKLY! DISPOSE OF THE BODY-OUT IN BACK AS USUAL! I'LL STALL THEM FOR A WHILE - BUT I WILL HAVE TO LET THEM IN EVENTUALLY! SO HURRY!



JOSE AS ALWAYS, DOES AS HE IS TOLD...

THE THINGS HE ASKS ME TO DO! WILL I EVER HAVE THE COURAGE TO STOP!?

AH, YES! COME IN! MY, BUT THAT'S A FINE LOOKING ANIMAL! AND HERE IS YOUR MONEY! NOW PLEASE- I HAVE MUCH WORK TO DO! GOOD-BYE!



THE FRONT DOOR GLAMS...THEN THE BACK DOOR... AND...



A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF CROCODILUS! WITH WHAT I LEARNED FROM THE LAST EXPERIMENT, THERE CAN BE NOTHING TO STOP MY SUCCESS!... FIRST, I MUST DRAIN OFF THE GLADULAR SECRETIONS AND THEN...

PROFESSOR KRACALIK BELIEVES IN HIS NEW THEORY... AND APPLIES HIS BELIEF BY WORKING WITHOUT REST THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT...

YES, THE COLOR TURNS GREEN WHEN I ADD THE ENZYMES! IT WON'T BE MUCH LONGER NOW! NEXT, I MUST HEAT THE SOLUTION... AND...

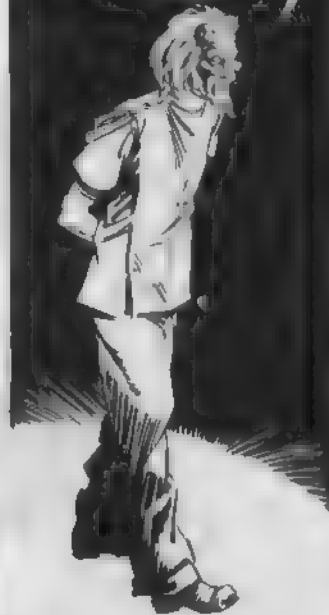


... AND INTO THE DAWNING HOURS OF LIGHT... UNTIL ...

I'VE GOT IT! I KNOW THIS IS IT! EVERYTHING TESTS AFFIRMATIVE! THIS IS WHAT I'VE SLAVED FOR... ALL THESE LONG MONTHS IN THIS FILTHY SWAMP! JUST A DROP OF THIS WILL PRODUCE THE MISSING LINK!



BUT... UNFORTUNATELY I DON'T HAVE ANOTHER SUBJECT FOR THE EXPERIMENT! UNLESS... HMMM... YES! IT IS MY FINAL EXPERIMENT, SO IT WON'T REALLY MATTER! I WOULD HAVE HAD TO GET RID OF HIM ANYWAY! HE IS WELL AWARE THAT SOME OF MY ACTIONS HAVE BEEN FAR FROM... LEGAL!



JOSE! COME IN HERE! AH, JOSE!

PROFESSOR! I HAVE BEEN THINKING LONG AND HARD ... I DON'T THINK I WANT TO DO ANY MORE OF THESE... BAD THINGS!



THAT WILL MAKE IT ALL THE EASIER, JOSE! YOU SEE... THIS IS TO BE THE LAST TIME I'LL EVER NEED YOUR SERVICES! WITH A SMALL INJECTION OF THIS - YOU WILL ADD IMMEASURABLY TO THE GLORIOUS HISTORY OF SCIENCE !!!



BUT SUDDENLY, UNPREDICTABLY...

YOU MAY BE THE SMARTER OF US, PROFESSOR! BUT I AM THE STRONGER!



WUGGGHHH!

THERE IS A SPLASH OF BLACKNESS... AN INDETERMINATE PASSING OF TIME! WHEN PROFESSOR KRACALIK'S VISION RETURNS, HE FINDS HIMSELF UNABLE TO MOVE, HIS ARMS AND LEGS BOUND WITH LEATHER STRAPS...



AH, SO YOU'RE AWAKE, PROFESSOR! GOOD! I WANT YOU TO **FEEL IT** WHEN I **INJECT YOU** WITH YOUR OWN ACCURSED CROCODILE SERUM!

NO, JOSE! DON'T DO IT! NO! **NOT ALL OF THE FLUID!** YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT COULD HAPPEN!



YOU'RE CHANGING... BUT I NEVER EXPECTED YOU TO BE... **SO STRONG!**

NO, THERE ARE MANY THINGS YOU COULDN'T SUSPECT! **FOOL!**



NOW-BEFORE YOU HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO GRAB A WEAPON... YOU WILL **DIE** FOR YOUR TREACHERY!!!

N-NO... **AHHHH...!**



JOSE... DEAD... **ARRGGHH...** GETTING HARD TO... TALK... TO STAND... TAIL... MORE SCALES... **AARRRRGGG-HH!**



CAN'T TALK ANYMORE! LOST ALL HUMAN SPEAKING ORGANS! BLOOD TURNING COLD... CAN FEEL MY INTELLIGENCE SLIPPING AWAY... GOT TO... **ESCAPE**... WHILE THERE'S STILL...



WITH PROFESSOR KRACALIK'S BRAIN REPLACED BY THAT OF A PRIMITIVE ANIMAL, THE CROCODILE LUMBERS AWAY FROM THE SHACK...TOWARD THE ELEMENT ATTRACTED BY ITS NATURAL INSTINCTS...



AND... IN A NON-RATIONAL SORT OF WAY... THE CREATURE IS HAPPY...



IN FACT, IT DOESN'T EVEN REALIZE THAT IT'S BEEN HIT!



SURE WAS A BIG ONE, WASN'T IT!

YES, BUT THINK OF ALL THE SUITCASES AND PURSES HE'LL MAKE!

YES! ENOUGH TO KEEP US IN MONEY FOR A LONG TIME!



WAIT, I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THIS ONE TO THE PROFESSOR! AFTER ALL, IT'S NUMBER **TEN** FOR THE DAY!



STRANGE HOW FOREIGNERS WILL PAY GOOD MONEY FOR LUGGAGE AND PURSES MADE FROM THE SKINS OF ALLIGATORS AND CROCODILES!



WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE THIS DOCTOR JECKYLL TURNED INTO A REAL MISTER "HIDE!" I GUESS HE BIT OFF MORE THAN HE COULD CHEW!

THE END



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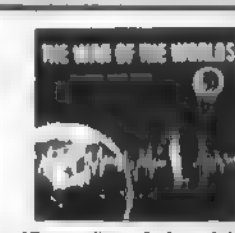
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HERE WE HAVE A DILEMA! TWO MEN, EACH A STRANGER TO THE OTHER; EACH, IN HIS OWN WAY, WANTING TO ESCAPE FROM THE TOMB THEY'RE IN. BUT HOW? THAT, MY TODDLING TERRORS, IS WHERE WE SEPARATE THE GUYS FROM THE GHOULS IN A LITTLE CRYPTIC YARN I CALL...

THE TRAP



THIS IS CRAZY! YOU WANT ME TO...

TO KILL ME! I WANT YOU TO KILL ME, MR. -ER- I DIDN'T CATCH THE NAME.



NAME'S ADAMS! AL ADAMS... OH HELL! WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES THAT MAKE? WHY WON'T YOU LET ME GO? WHY HAVE YOU LOCKED ME IN HERE? I'M LATE FOR SUPPER! PLEASE! LET ME GO HOME.



MR. ADAMS! A PLEASANT NAME, TO BE SURE. I JUST WANTED TO KNOW WHAT MY KILLER'S NAME IS!

I'M NOT YOUR KILLER! I'M ONLY...

AH! BUT YOU WILL BE, MR. ADAMS! I WANT YOU TO BE!

SILENCE! SILENCE SO DEATHLY THAT IT SPLITS THE NERVES. THEN, A SIMPLE QUESTION...

WHY?

WHY! MY DEAR SIR, WHY NOT? I MEAN, AFTER I WAS TOLD I WAS NO GOOD... A FLOP! FINISHED! WHY NOT I ASK YOU?

FINISHED?

WINDSOR STOCKBRIDGE IS MY NAME. ACE DETECTIVE IS-AH-WAS MY PROFESSION. THAT WAS UNTIL I FOULED UP THREE MURDER CASES IN A ROW! THREE! HAVE YOU ANY IDEA HOW MUCH MONEY THREE FALSE ARREST SUITS COST THE CITY? I SHOULD SAY A GOOD IDEAL!

SO THEY FIRED YOU?

FIRED ME? THEY NEARLY SHOT ME! SO HERE WE ARE.

I STILL DON'T GET IT.

NO, NO! I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE ONE TO "GET IT". YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO GIVE IT TO ME. HERE, THIS WILL HELP!

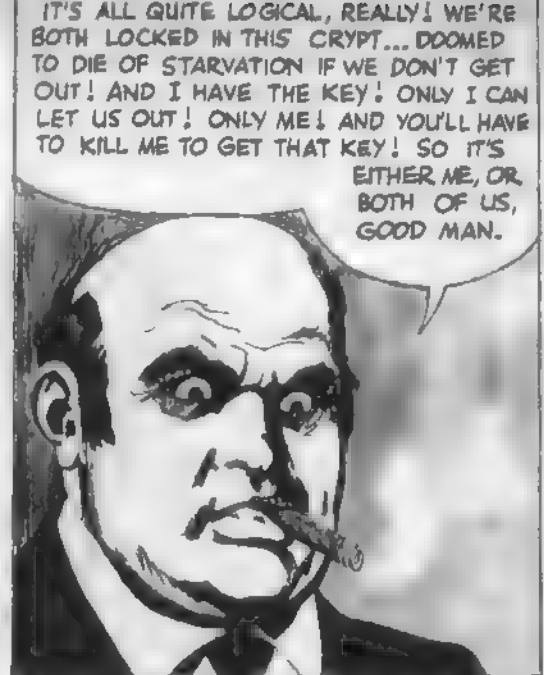
A (GULP) KNIFE!

OF COURSE! DO YOU THINK I WANT YOU TO STRANGLE ME? TOO PAINFUL, YOU SEE. A KNIFE IS QUICK... CLEAN...



NOOOO!
TAKE THAT DAMNED!
THING AWAY. THIS IS
INSANE! (SOB!)

OH PLEASE,
MY GOOD FELLOW!
IT'S NOT ALL
THAT BAD!



IT'S ALL QUITE LOGICAL, REALLY! WE'RE
BOTH LOCKED IN THIS CRYPT... DOOMED
TO DIE OF STARVATION IF WE DON'T GET
OUT! AND I HAVE THE KEY! ONLY I CAN
LET US OUT! ONLY ME! AND YOU'LL HAVE
TO KILL ME TO GET THAT KEY! SO IT'S
EITHER ME, OR
BOTH OF US,
GOOD MAN.



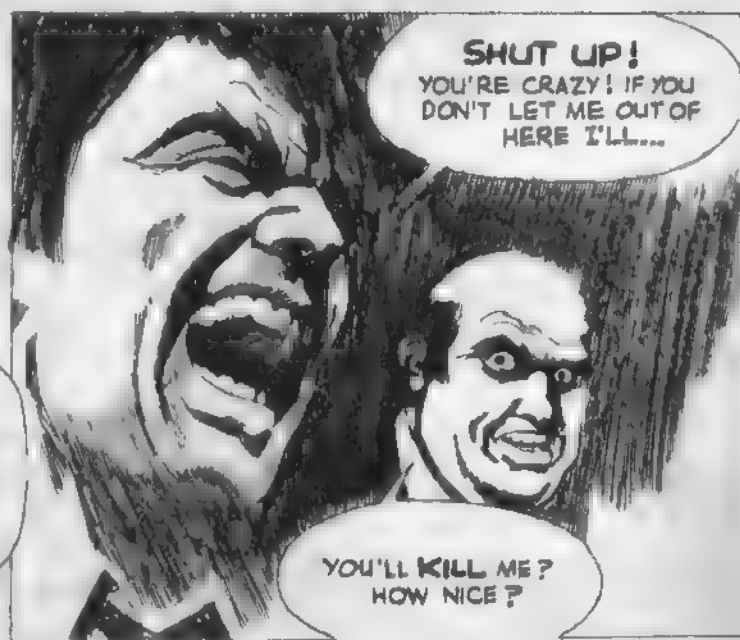
**PLEASE!
PLEASE!**
I DON'T WANNA K-
KILL Y-YOU! I NEVER
HURT ANYBODY! (SOB!)
GOD! WHY ME?!

YOU ARE GETTING
OVERLY EMOTIONAL ABOUT
NOTHING, MR. ADAMS. IT'S
JUST LIKE PULLING
TEETH; YOU'VE GOT TO
BE A BIT BRAVE, A BIT
STRONG, AND DO IT
A BIT QUICK, OR
IT HURTS.



DAMN YOU:
WHY MUST YOU
TORTURE ME LIKE
THIS?

GOOD! GOOD!
YOU'RE BEGINNING
TO HATE ME! IF YOU
HATE ME, YOU'LL
HAVE NO
QUALMS ABOUT...



SHUT UP!
YOU'RE CRAZY! IF YOU
DON'T LET ME OUT OF
HERE I'LL....

YOU'LL KILL ME?
HOW NICE?



JUST BE SURE
YOU KILL ME WITH
THE FIRST STROKE,
PLEASE.



I NEVER
HURT
ANYBODY!



NEVER
IN MY WHOLE
LIFE!

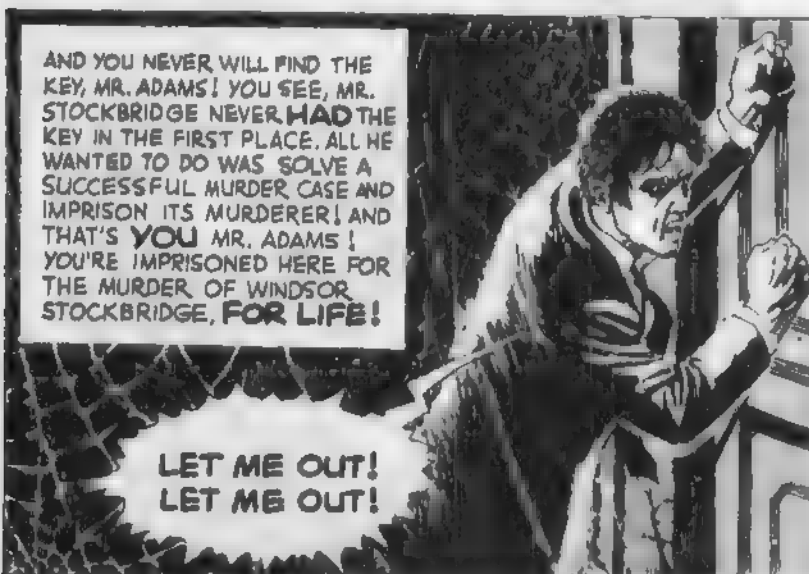


YAARRG!



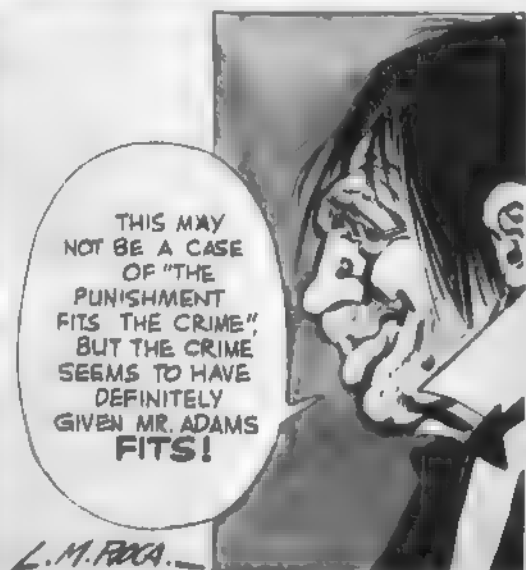
FINALLY, THE FAT MAN'S SCREAMS SUBSIDE, THEN...

THE KEY!
I CAN'T FIND
THE KEY!



AND YOU NEVER WILL FIND THE
KEY, MR. ADAMS! YOU SEE, MR.
STOCKBRIDGE NEVER **HAD** THE
KEY IN THE FIRST PLACE. ALL HE
WANTED TO DO WAS SOLVE A
SUCCESSFUL MURDER CASE AND
IMPRISON ITS MURDERER! AND
THAT'S **YOU** MR. ADAMS!
YOU'RE IMPRISONED HERE FOR
THE MURDER OF WINDSOR
STOCKBRIDGE, **FOR LIFE!**

LET ME OUT!
LET ME OUT!



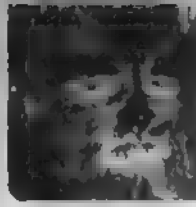
THIS MAY
NOT BE A CASE
OF "THE
PUNISHMENT
FITS THE CRIME",
BUT THE CRIME
SEEMS TO HAVE
DEFINITELY
GIVEN MR. ADAMS
FITS!

L. M. FRODO.



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A 10,000-year-old legend of bestiality comes to life, tearing the screen to terrified tatters in the body of a bloodthirsty beast. Right before your horror-struck eyes! Only \$6.95



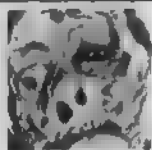
I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF

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FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN

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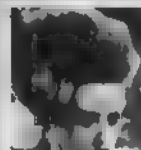
I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN

A MAD DOCTOR sets out to create the most fearsome monster ever born. He winds up with a TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN combining a boy's body, a monster's mind, a creature's soul. Does the doctor live to regret his fiendish accomplishment? This gruesome movie, a real thriller, gives you the answer. 8mm, 200 feet, \$6.95



REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN SUPERNATURAL TECHNICOLOR!

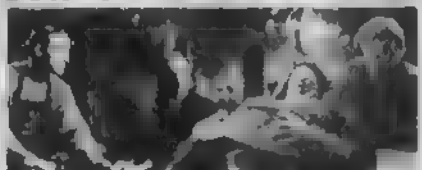
FRANKENSTEIN GETS EVEN and his "revenge" makes this the scariest monster movie ever made. The Stalker Walker gives an unforgettable performance. The dark, dank mood of this film is not for the lighthearted. Full of fight and might, it is just right for your Monster Film collection. (Available in both black & white or in supernatural Technicolor.) This 8mm film is a full 200 feet. Black & White, \$6.95; Technicolor, \$14.95.



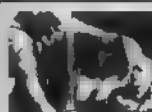
THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

FEARFUL FRANKENSTEIN monster Boris Karloff wants to marry Elsa Lanchester. Nothing stops this gruesome two-some . . . not even the fact she is 7 feet tall, is wrapped in ghastly gauze . . . and has ragged stitches around her neck. A classic film every collector should own! 8mm, 160 feet, \$6.95

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN



In a nightmare of stark terror and violence the revived Monster threatens death and destruction to a panic-stricken community. Only \$6.95



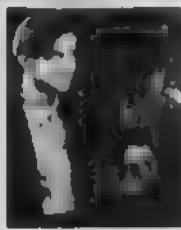
KARLOFF IN THE MUMMY

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW that only Boris Karloff could be as horror-able as the original MUMMY! Back in 1932 he let the Hollywood studio "torture" him for hours, wrapping rotting gauze, spraying chemicals, baking it all with clay. He wonder Karloff was so wonderful as THE MUMMY . . . he felt so horrible he took it out on the film's victims. You'll feel just grand, though, as you watch his eerie performance. 8mm, 160 feet, \$6.95



THE MUMMY'S TOMB

DON'T EVER sneak into a Mummy's Tomb. If you do, you may be in for the same revenge as in this movie. A centuries-old mummy starts out to avenge the opening of his crypt in Egypt. How he does his dirty work, and the chills involved, make THE MUMMY'S TOMB a far-from-dreary, excitingly eerie film. 8mm, 200 feet, \$6.95



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THE UNDEAD

CAN THE GRAVE OPEN UP and give forth its ghostly, ghastly secrets. It sure can, and in THE UNDEAD horror screams from the grave. In the dead of night an evil curse starts a chain of events. You'll sit on the edge of your chair as you walk with THE UNDEAD. 8mm, 200 feet, \$6.95



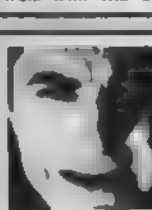
THE BEAST WITH 5 FINGERS

WHAT HAPPENS when stark, staring madness takes over in a famous concert pianist's home? Who is the Beast with 5 Fingers? Peter Lorre stalks through this horror movie at his dramatic best. As scene after terror scene unfolds, you sit on the edge of your chair in absolute suspense. This famous film is now available for the collector. Order today! 8mm, 200 feet, \$6.95



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DAUNTLESS DRACULA is at it again, slinking through the London fog for his victims. Bela Lugosi gives one of the greatest performances of his career in this classic film. Plends, vampires, screams . . . in this famous film. Add this to your collection. It is tops. 8mm, 160 feet, \$6.95



Edgar Allan Poe's TELL-TALE HEART

THIS FAMOUS SOUND MOVIE is available, at last, for private collectors. Edgar Allan Poe's creepy, eerie tale of "THE TELL-TALE HEART" is a never-to-be-forgotten classic. Here, in 8mm Ultrasonic Sound, you get the original Columbia Pictures film. The incomparable James Mason gives a master narration. You will cherish this film. Order today! 8mm Sound, 200 feet, \$14.95

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PROFILE: STEVE SKEATES

Longtime CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA author, Steve Skeates (whose work appears in this issue), is profiled below.

It all began six years ago. That summer, I packed up my pregnant wife and moved to New York City, in hopes of becoming a famous, well-paid, free-lance comic book writer. Or perhaps it began somewhat earlier—with my boyhood in Bushnell's Basin, my education at Minerva Deland High School and Alfred University, "the mother of men," or my brief career as a small town radio personality.

My first professional writing job came some seven years ago. Part of that year I worked writing snappy patter for a folk-singing group. It was around that same time that I wrote my first play; friends who read it told me it sounded more like a comic book story than a theatre piece. Thus I first developed my urge to become a comic book writer.

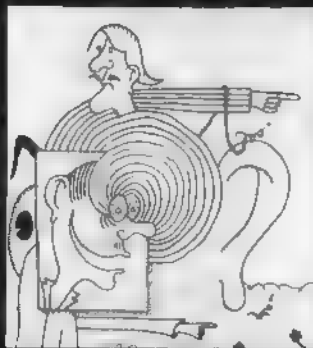
Years later, a certain editor who shall remain nameless, tried to be nice about refusing to buy any more of my stuff. He used to say, "You're a good writer, Steve. But I don't think you're right for comics. Have you ever thought of becoming a playwright?"

The first years of comic book writing were the hardest—waiting for hours in outer offices, trying to convince editors that I was older than I looked, and that I could write comics.

Meanwhile, on the home front, a great little kid came along—a little girl named Melissa. In some ways, she takes after her father—has to wear special shoes, is allergic to all sorts of things.

After two years of putting up with my comic book career, my wife began to despair of my lack of material wealth. She finally left me and ran off with a ceramic designer. I guess she never had a very good head for business; if there's one group that makes less money than comic book writers—

It was then that I embarked upon my rather transient lifestyle. I sold all the establishment trappings I had accumulated—the dishwasher, the



Two studies of Steve Skeates. Steve drew the cartoon version of himself, and the real Steve Skeates please stand up?

washing machine, the refrigerator—and traveled across country from one small town to another. It was in one such small town that I had my closest brush with insanity. One night, the house I was renting was shot up by a fairly large group of drunken red-necks who didn't like the length of my hair. I was in the house at the time, cleverly cowering in a closet.

I have since met this girl who also likes to move around, so I asked her to join me. (In other words, I've re-married.) My present wife and I reside, for the moment, in a mythical suburb of Rochester, New York. We live in a house which is completely surrounded by a trailer park, and the trailers are closing in fast. I have recently written several comic scripts of which I am personally quite proud, and I was selected as the fourth-ranking comic writer in the most recent Alley poll.

Which reminds me—a funny thing happened to me while I was typing up this autobiographical sketch...

Grandfather clocking you? Christopher Wolfe has some answers. Read his...

HOUSE OF HORRORS

Alone, does anyone feel really alone? No... no I say, no one has ever gone through what I have gone through, seen what I have seen or heard what I have heard. Most people would think me mad after reading this, and I am a mad man of sorts, but not through my own fault. It is because of my grandfather that I am in this state of health. Because of my dead grandfather.

As I recall, it was a particularly misty midnight when I arrived in Van Kreuker station near Yoganest, a little unknown village in Hungary. There was no coach waiting for me at the station, so I walked to town. When I had walked about a mile a coach suddenly appeared behind me. I was in deep thought and did not hear the falling of the horses' hooves upon the gravel road. The man riding in the driver's seat explained he was from my father's castle and gestured toward the coach. The next few minutes took us through the main street of the town. The street was deserted. I thought the steeds would still be active; instead only mist danced upon the ground.

The land we road through was invisible due to the fog, but from the glimpses I caught I could see the terrain was rocky, barren and mountainous. When I came close enough to see the castle, it looked, from the outside, to be in a poor state of repair. As we neared the estate, it became even more terrible. With-

in a mile of the castle, the coachman increased our speed to the breaking point. Rounding the curves on this cliffside road and going over the bumps at that speed was too much for me to take—I became dizzy and fainted.

I awoke to a cheerful atmosphere. There was a fire blazing in the fireplace, which lit up everything in the room. I supposed I was in the castle, but I did not know what part. I tried to find somebody. I did not have to go far to find the coachman in butler's dress walking down the hall. He gestured me to what appeared to be my grandfather's library. After the butler gathered up some of my grandfather's books he explained my grandfather's life and death. My grandfather was a count and ruled fairly. In all his life he had never executed one person. For no reason a peasant from the village shot him down in cold blood.

Alone in the library one night, I dug through my grandfather's books and records. I looked through a Bible of my grandfather's. On the cover was emblazoned a large silver

Fifteen year-old Steve Lowe of Seaside, Oregon, finds H. P. Lovecraft "a great inspiration. His tremendous flair for description and mode of leaving one hanging on the edge of distraction until the few final lines is masterful. At any rate, I've done my best to capture Lovecraft's 'The Call of Cthulhu' (below). The city in the background represents the ruins of long submerged R'lyeh, wherein great Cthulhu is entombed. The story involves his release and entombment."



Steve Lowe's artwork inspired by H. P. Lovecraft.



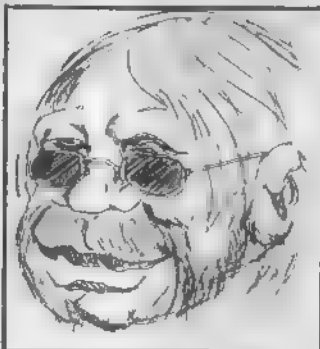
Warrior of old with modern symbols by Steve Cassman.

cross. In it I found a worn picture of my grandfather. Believe it or not, that picture looked exactly like the caretaker of the castle! One by one the pieces began to fill the jigsaw. The fact that all the help had a week off, and that I never saw the caretaker during the daytime. There were no mirrors. There was only one picture of my grandfather in his own house (the picture from a book with a shiny silver cross on the cover!) There was no doubt about it—my grandfather and the housekeeper were one and the same, and my grandfather was not dead. Neither was he alive. He was a vampire. Not knowing what

to do, I lived in torture for several days waiting for my unfortunate grandfather to strike (I felt sorry for the wretched creature). After a week of torment, I finally decided to put an end to his life. So with stake in hand, I searched for his coffin. It was not long before I found it in the attic, empty. Just then the vampire appeared in front of me.

"Before I became a vampire I sent for you. And now I only wanted you to leave. But you have intruded and must be stopped. As I watched two large werewolves appeared in the room. The thought of what came after that even frightens me to this day.

This charming drawing of our own dear Cuz was submitted by Steve Cassman, Skokie, Ill.



Besides coming up with a snappy version of little EERIE, Steve sent us this dramatic pen & ink sketch (left). Note the peace symbol on the warrior's mantle and chest.

Pity the poor protagonist of Billie Fowler's vampire epic—

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD:

David Willoby arrived at Professor Lockmount's house in answer to an urgent phone call.

"Good to see you, Willoby. I have someone I want you to meet!"

Now I am alone with my sorrow. I have no one to talk to, for I have to do the bidding of my master until a brave man comes and foils this monster. Now I must go, for the moon has risen and my master calls. Tonight is a special night, for my brother comes tonight. Soon there will be four servants to serve my master.



"Is that him?"
"Yes, indeed. Striking isn't he?"

"He sure is. Say, is he...?"

"Most assuredly."

"You're positive?"

"You doubt my judgement, Willoby? I've studied vampirism for the last ten years. I'm an authority in the field! You have my word, he is, one!"

"What's his name?"

"Count Joffrey DeBenning!"

"If you'll excuse my saying so, professor, but you really can't hang around with a vampire. What if he decides to bite you in the neck?"

"An occupational hazard of the vampire hunter, David. But he won't."

"What makes you so sure?"

"You don't bite your friends in the neck. It simply isn't done."

"I don't think I care for the way he's looking at me."

"You're not getting paranoid? The younger generation is so suspicious."

"No, I mean it. He has a hungry gleam in his eyes. Why are you looking at me that way, professor?"

"Umm."

"As my assistant, Willoby, you know of the hazards attendant in our line of work, and well..."

"What's he doing... Hey! Tell him to cut that out!"

"I'm really sorry about this, David. But he does, well... it's so difficult getting an adequate supply of blood."

"Now wait a minute, professor! I'm not about to be used as a substitute for the local blood bank."

"Do be reasonable, David. It won't hurt and it should only take a moment."

"That's what you say!"

"Please, don't be so excited."

"Excited! Let me out of here! Get him away from me or I'll drive a stake in him. Friend or not!"

"Now! Now!"

"No! Get away from me, you pseudo-Dracula! Let go of my neck! No, I say... AUGHHH-HHHH!"

END

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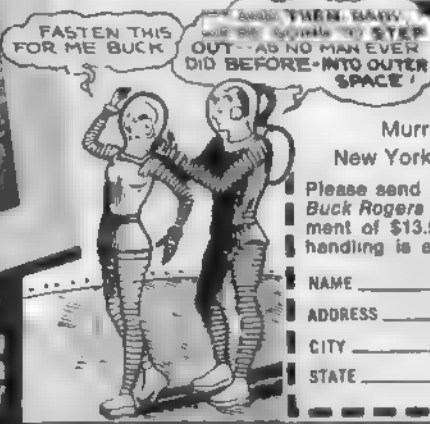
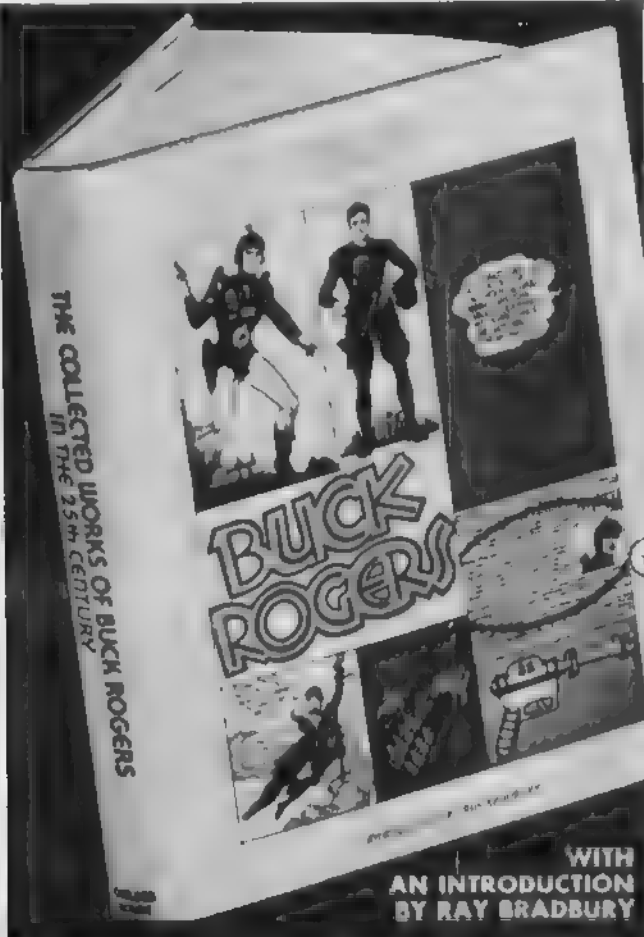
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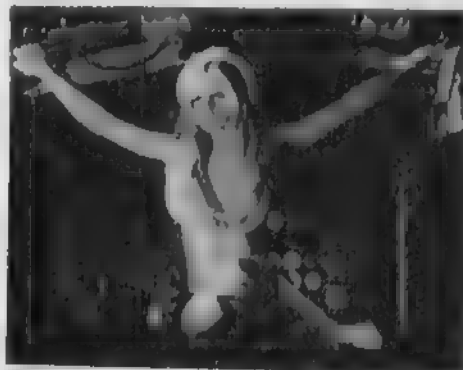


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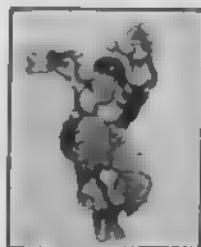
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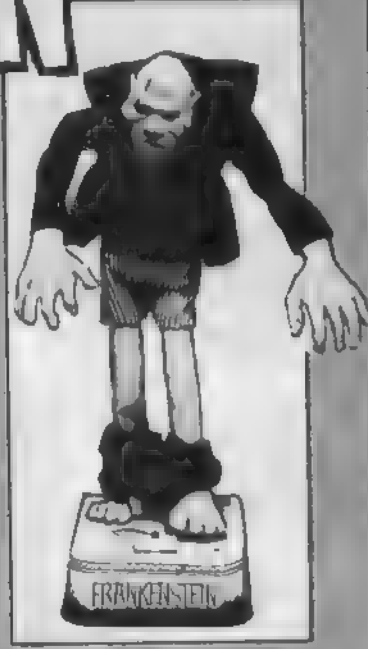
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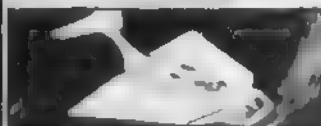


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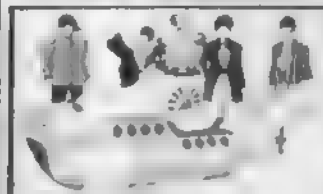
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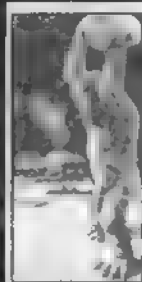


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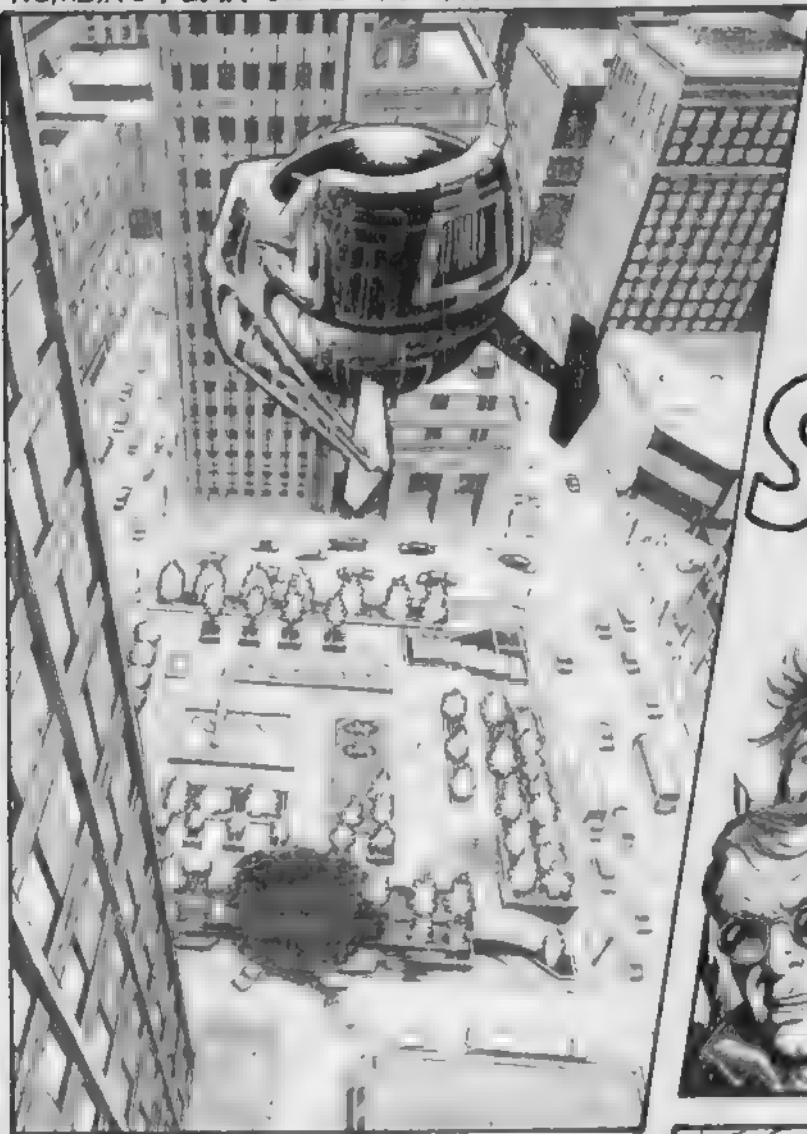
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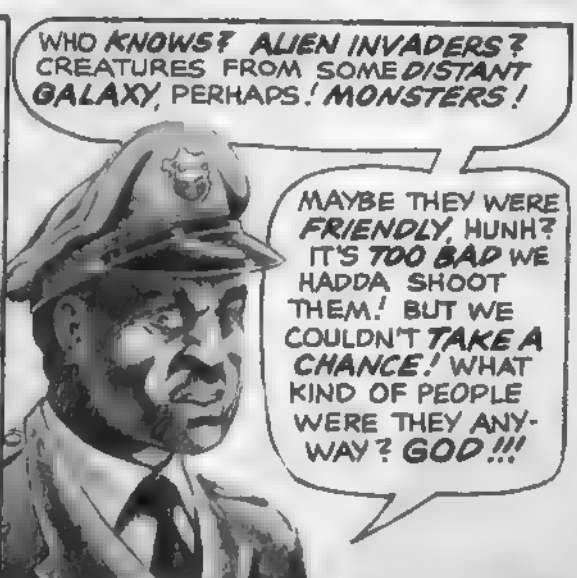
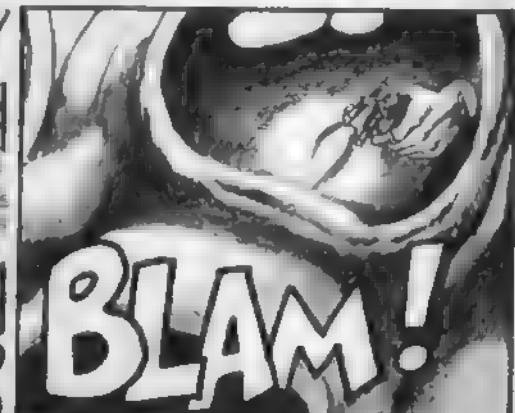
PROLOGUE: ON A HOT MID-SUMMER'S DAY, A STRANGE ALIEN CRAFT SUDDENLY APPEARS, HOVERING OVER A CROWDED INTERSECTION IN MANHATTAN... A COLD, NUMBING FEAR GRIPS THE PASSERS-BY...

THEN, AS TWO ALIEN CREATURES DESCEND FROM THE SHIP, SILENT FEARS TURN TO SCREAMS OF PANIC...



...AND ALERT TWO OF THE CITY'S FINEST...





OUR PROLOGUE APPEARS TO HAVE BROUGHT US TO A DEAD END... BUT APPEARANCES CAN BE DECEIVING, AS YOU'LL LEARN IN THIS TERROR TALE I CALL...

OH, BROTHER!

THE TWO SCIENTISTS HAD WORKED LONG AND HARD, DESIGNING AND BUILDING THEIR STRANGE CRAFT. NOW, AT LAST, THEIR TASK WAS NEARLY COMPLETED. ALL THAT REMAINED WAS TO TEST THE SHIP.

OF COURSE YOU REALIZE GOR, THAT THE COUNCIL OF ELDERS IS VERY MUCH AGAINST THIS! WE'LL BE BREAKING THE LAW!

YES, I KNOW GRAG! BUT SO WHAT? THEY NEEDN'T KNOW WE'RE ATTEMPTING IT!

...AND ONCE WE'RE ON OUR WAY, THERE'S NO WAY THEY CAN STOP US!

EVEN NOW WE MUST LEAVE UNDERCOVER OF NIGHT. IF ANYONE KNEW... IF ANYONE WERE TO SEE US...

SOON...

HOW MUCH LONGER DO YOU THINK IT'LL TAKE GOR?

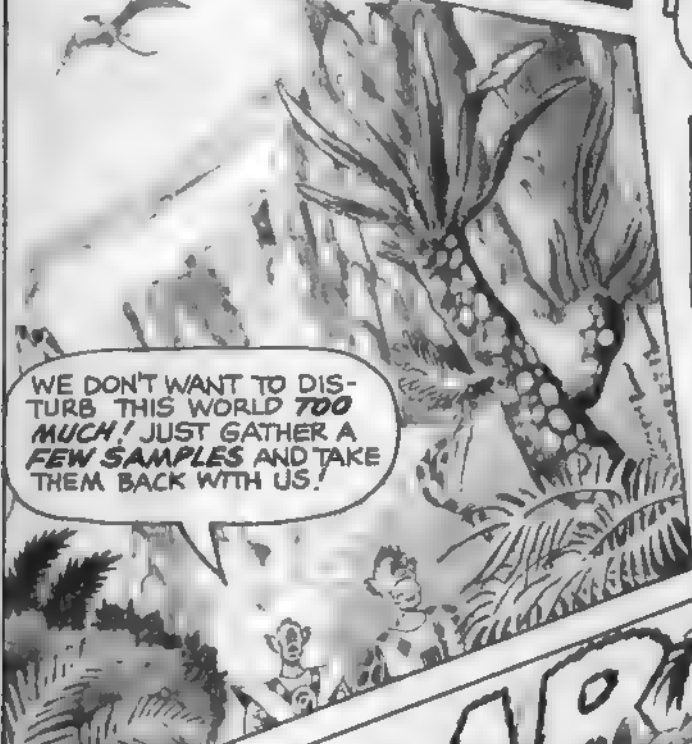
NO ONE'S GONNA KNOW! IT'S NIGHT. BY MORNING, WE'LL BE GONE...

NOT MUCH! WE'RE ALMOST THERE! JUST LOOK DOWN THERE!



WOW! JUST LOOK AT THAT VEGETATION! SO LUSH! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE!

WATCH YOUR STEP GOR! WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT SORT OF CREATURES MAY BE LAYING IN WAIT FOR US... WATCHING OUR EVERY MOVE!

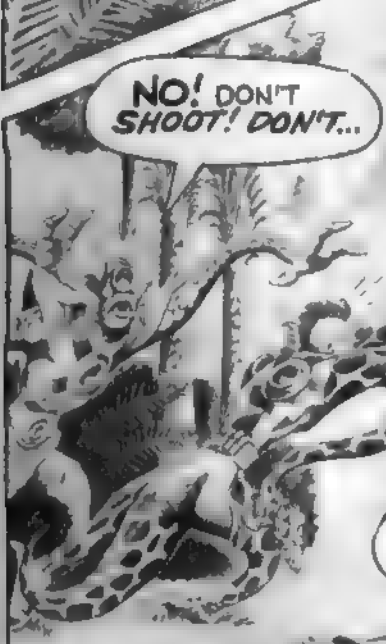


WE DON'T WANT TO DISTURB THIS WORLD TOO MUCH! JUST GATHER A FEW SAMPLES AND TAKE THEM BACK WITH US!

BUT JUST THEN, A SNARL WAS HEARD... COMING CLOSER... BECOMING A ROAR...

ROAAR!

GOOD SNAR! LOOK!



NO! DON'T SHOOT! DON'T...



IT'S CHARGING TOWARD US!

IT'LL KILL US! DESTROY OUR SHIP!

GOR PRESSED THE TRIGGER REFLEX, HIS FACE BATHED IN SWEAT...THE HUGE, HULKING BEAST SHRIEKED IN PAIN, AS BLUE FLAMES LASHED FROM GOR'S WEAPON AND STRUCK IT IN THE NECK... BURNING AND MELTING IT...



IT'S DEAD!

NOW YOU'VE DONE IT!
NOW YOU'VE *REALLY* DONE
IT! THERE IS *NOTHING*
LEFT! MY GNAR!
OH, MY GNAR!

HUNH? WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING ABOUT?



HURRY!!!

WHERE'RE
WE GOING?

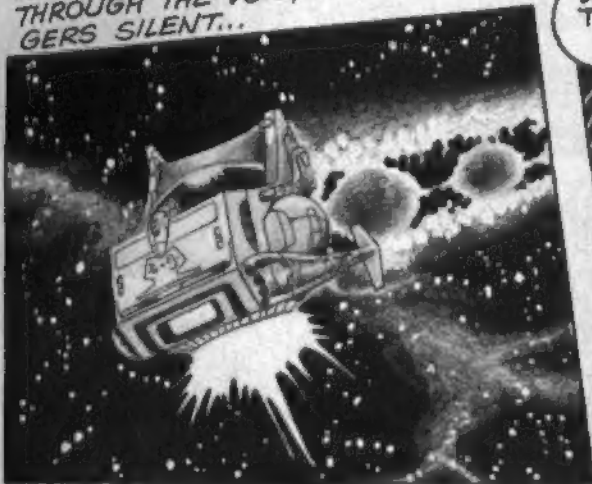
BACK! SO WE CAN
SEE WHAT *DAMAGE*
YOU'VE CAUSED!

BUT, GRAG, I STILL
DON'T SEE WHAT
YOU'RE *DRIVING* AT?
WHAT'S THIS ALL
ABOUT?

YOU
WILL!



THEIR CRAFT TRAVELLED BACK
THROUGH THE VOID, ITS PASSEN-
GERS SILENT...



SOON...

WHA-? BUT... BUT
THIS ISN'T OUR
WORLD!

WE ARE
HERE NOW!

OH YES IT IS!
DON'T YOU YET
REALIZE THE
ENORMITY OF
WHAT YOU'VE
DONE?



I TOLD YOU NOT TO SHOOT THAT BEAST! BUT YOU WOULDN'T HEAR ME!

THE ELDERS WERE CORRECT! WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE ATTEMPTED TIME TRAVEL!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND, DO YOU? WHEN WE WERE IN THE PAST, WHEN YOU SHOT THAT BEAST, WE CHANGED THE WORLD... ALTERED THE COURSE OF EVOLUTION



OUR RACE NO LONGER EXISTS! THESE CREATURES EVOLVED IN OUR PLACE!

THEY DESCENDED THEIR CRAFT... LOOKING OUT OVER A WORLD THAT ONCE WAS THEIRS...

LOOK! THOSE CREATURES! THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY! THEY'RE SCARED!

WE MUST STOP THEM! CONVINCE THEM THAT WE MEAN NO HARM!



COME BACK! LISTEN TO US! YOU MUST LISTEN!

GOOD GOD! WH-WHAT IS IT??

DUNNO! BUT IT'S ATTACKING! GET READY TO FIRE!



GOT 'IM!

BLAM!



THIS IS WHO YOU HAVE KILLED... NOT ALIEN INVADERS, BUT YOUR BROTHERS, FELLOW EARTHMEN... AND THE ACCIDENTAL CREATORS OF YOUR PRESENT-DAY WORLD! BUT FOR THEM, YOU WOULD NEVER HAVE EXISTED...



AND WHILE YOU'RE MULLING THAT ONE OVER, GENTLE SPAWN OF SIMIAN, PRAY THAT NO OTHER FUTURE TIME TRAVELER INTENDS ON CORRECTING GOR'S MISTAKE! REMEMBER, THE DINOSAUR YOU SHOOT MAY BE YOUR MOTHER!

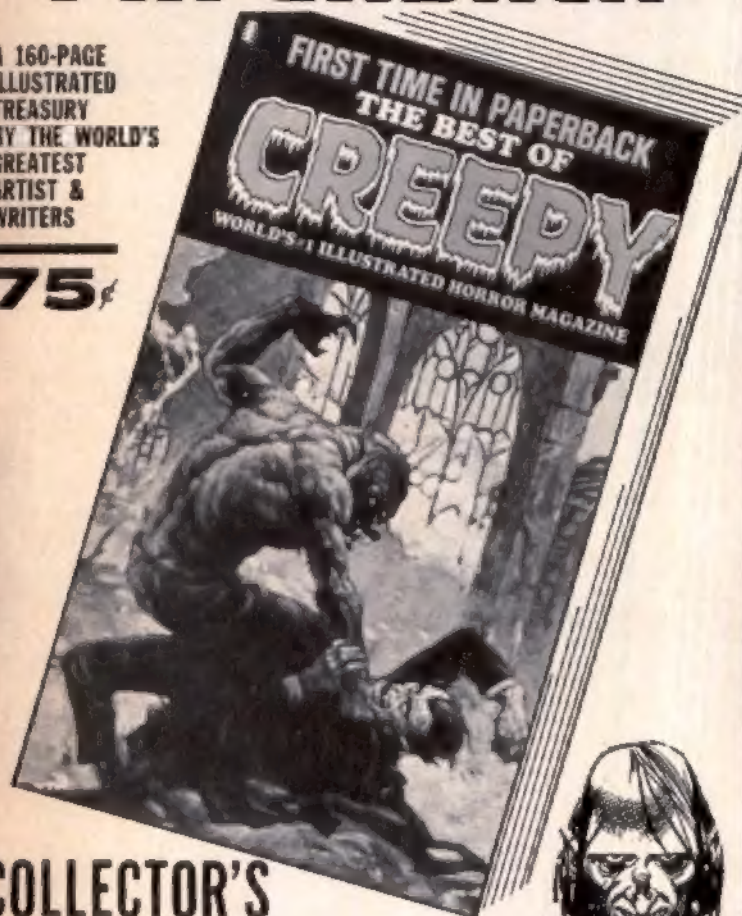
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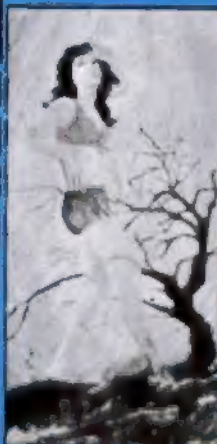
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